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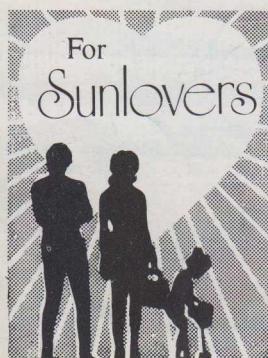


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# Health & Efficiency

## INTERNATIONAL NATURIST WINTER QUARTERLY

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## Editorial

As we're coming to the end of 1983, we can look back fondly at the gloriously hot summer days. Some of us spent them languidly, others went overboard on the exercise. But most of us ended up looking better for it - brown all over and radiant.

And we didn't go unnoticed. More and more people are becoming attracted to the naturist way of life. It goes hand in hand with the new drive for good health and natural living. More and more people, who don't belong to any naturist organisation but are health and body conscious, are seeing the naturist life as a natural extension.

If you're still sitting in your armchair in front of the fire, now's the time to take stock. Did you spend this year looking and feeling in top condition? Did you take regular exercise and eat properly? If not, it's the last thing to worry about, as worrying does nobody any good. But perhaps we shouldn't curl up during the winter, planning our summer exercise. Perhaps we should start now.

Reg Moore recommends walking as the easiest and best form of aerobic exercise. Read why on page 42. Take a quick bite after Charles O'Dooley's article on healthy eating (page 38) and then stagger back with Michael Walsh's Introduction to Wine on page 52.

Winter always used to be a time for hibernation, even with humans. With warm clothing, central heating, and more readily available ski-ing resorts, heated swimming pools and warm cars, there is no excuse for inactivity. Now's the time to shape up for the summer. And remember, they say that exercise gives you the best inner warmth of all.

Kate Sturdy

## The 84th Year of Continuous Publication

Health and Efficiency was established in 1900 and has incorporated Sunbathing Review, Vim and Sonnenfans. The magazine is entirely free of any connection with, and is not influenced by national associations, clubs or other organisations.

We publish news, views and reflections on the nudist scene. We look beyond the clubs to the evolving world where social nudity on the beaches and in our homes is affecting our modes, mores and morals. All are grist to our mill.

We believe in the cause of social nakedness and as such consider it our duty to promote its acceptance universally. Our propaganda both by word and picture is designed for total honesty of expression but at all times within the bounds of propriety. This magazine is entirely independent. The views expressed in literary contributions are not necessarily

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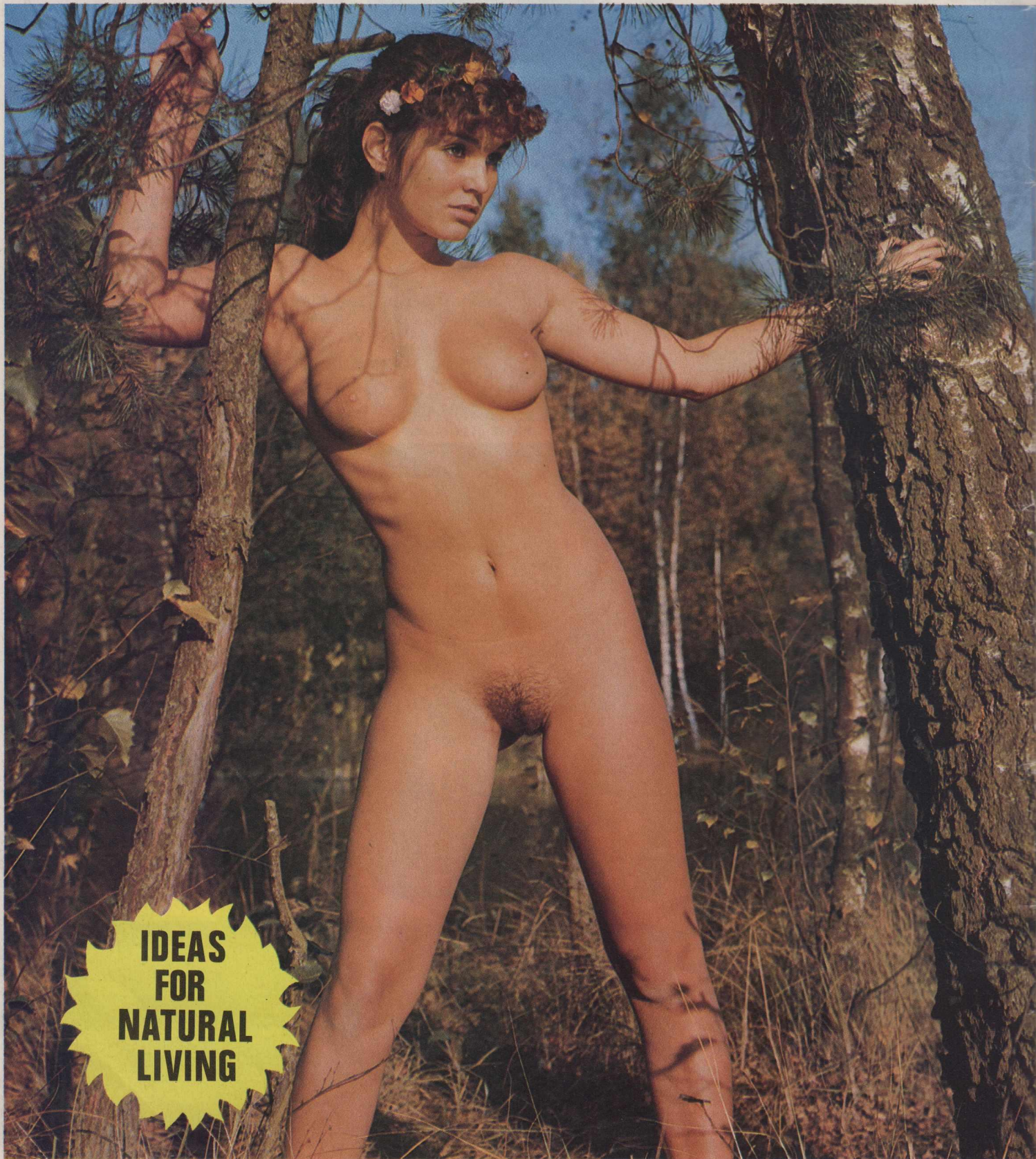
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# THE BREAD-WINNER AND BUTTER WAR

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**IDEAS  
FOR  
NATURAL  
LIVING**



**Still confused about cholesterol? John Dawson brings you the latest news. But don't get too worked up about it all. Stress kills you quicker. So if you are living on a razor's edge, climb down and relax. But don't expect it to be easy – it appears there are some who are out to make life difficult for you.**



**T**HE trouble with being good,' said a little girl I know, 'is that it takes all the fun out of life.'

And many think that goes for food. Take the well published idea that heart disease is encouraged by eating too much fatty and cholesterol food. Out go those beautiful steaks. That delicious pork chop. The mouth watering cheeses, the creamy butter.

Instead eat nuts! Or fibre even. Think of it – nuts and fibre. Or eat beans say the experts. Lots of good nourishment in beans. But does anyone think they can replace a large rump steak, dried onions and chips? Perhaps followed up by a trifle loaded with whipped cream. And to finish off cheese and biscuits.

But at least some think the case unproven. When some low cholesterol margarine manufacturers wanted to advertise its advantages over butter (will help you to avoid heart disease) the authorities said No.

In Chicago recently an elaborate and expensive experiment took place. At a cost of over a hundred million dollars a clinical trial attempted to find answers. As usual one group were asked to change their life style and cut out the goodies. Another group kept living their sinful lives.

The results have caused a shock wave that travelled the world. Those who make money out of the cholesterol scare are big and powerful and some of them will try to suppress the good news.

Those who gave up the steak and chips fared hardly better than their gourmet brothers.

So what went wrong? It is now argued that other factors count for more. Like cigarette smoking, lack of exercise, stress, excessive salt and living in a soft water area.

Nevertheless, doctors in England were enraged when the Butter Information Council put up £10,000 to fund a one-day London conference on heart disease. What caused some of them near apoplexy was a certain Dr. Flynn's concluding words: 'This nutritionist is holding out for scientific data that can truly link food intake to coronary disease . . . Diets high in polyunsaturated fats (such as margarine) and low in cholesterol and animal fat have little or no effect on coronary heart disease.'

In California Ray Roseman and Meyer Friedman, both cardiologists, carried out research which appears to lay a great deal of blame on stress. It appears most people fall into two categories. See



Some people just take a deep breath and hope for the best.



if you recognise yourself here.

The first is the go-getter. Ambitious with plenty of drive, he has total faith in himself. He believes that if you only work hard enough at anything, you can have it licked in next to no time. He's a workaholic. Even takes it home.

The second is just damn lazy. Easy going he rarely gets on the boil. Because he refuses to model his work behaviour on that capitalist ideal the first type, he often stays near the lower rungs of the business ladder. Mind you he will usually provoke his wife into nagging fits. Nothing ever gets mended around the home, without a high powered blast of nag.

Are you one of these types? Well, if you have owned up to being that highly unpopular type – the just damn lazy – I have some good health news for you. You are likely to be around a good deal longer than your high flying, gut-busting ideal of the work ethic.

So next time the boss comes in to tear you off a strip, put your feet up on the desk, relax and perhaps even pour yourself a long drink. Let him rave. Just smile gently and hope he lives long enough for you to avoid getting his job.

If you are the gut-busting type use some of the money you make for relaxation. Take long holidays. Find a quiet hobby. Painting is good. Avoid any spare time activity which is competitive. Try gentle jogging. Be careful you don't get led into competitiveness unawares. Take up amateur photography by all

means, but avoid joining in camera club competitions.

Best of all join a naturist club and throw off your worries with your clothes. Relax in the sun and the swimming pool, it will do you a world of good.

Now all you lazy ones out there must be smiling your face off. Especially the men. But hang on, you're in trouble too. You are mightily unpopular with the feminist movement.

Most people blame the feminists for the collapse of marriage, but in *The Hearts of Men* feminist author Barbara Ehrenreich argues otherwise. And again it's got to do with heart trouble.

The argument goes like this. Back in the 1950s marriage was the right and proper state. Society approved of it. If you were a man and spurned it you were suspect. Then came the beat generation, flower power, and the beautiful people. To them work was a rude word, four lettered and all.

These easy going people made work square. Breadwinning was a fool's thing to do. Even worse was to get married and have to support a girl and children even. About the same time stress emerged as a man killer. This did it. Especially in the USA. Breadwinning was regarded as a lethal trap.

So not only the easy going joined the beats so did a lot of the gut-busters. Marriage was out, to hell with women and responsibility. What upsets the feminists was that the male revolt took away their meal ticket. To put it more

bluntly: if you are so anti-male that you up and leave your husband he is unlikely to keep paying you alimony. Your feminist line has led you to join the poor. Two out of three adults below the poverty line are women, many of them divorcees.

So men, you are caught. If you are the easy going type the feminists are after you for not wishing to provide a meal ticket. If you are the hard working meal provider, you have the unwelcome habit of keeling over prematurely. It only goes to show you can't win.

For the feminists things are not so good either. Two-thirds of American mothers entitled to child allowance from previous husbands don't receive a penny. Men living with women feel little incentive to pass on their wages to a woman who can earn for herself, a right she has demanded and won.

Finally Ms Ehrenreich paints a dismal picture. She finds women increasingly having to provide for themselves. But in a world which 'never intended to admit us as independent persons, much less as breadwinners for others'.

She has an argument. But is it valid? What the feminist seems to want is to be the boss more often than she is today. And how is that going to benefit her?

Then she will suffer the stress and it will be her turn to enter the grave prematurely.

The solution is at hand. Let the micro chip take over. Welcome the robots. Then let's all go on the dole.



Don't let the sex war bring you down.







# FLYFISHING EXPLAINED

**I**T all depends very much upon the weather or at least, that's the excuse I most often use. There are, of course, a lot more; air temperature, time of year, water temperature, time of the day, wind force, wind direction, flies, which side of the bed you get out of and whether or not you said your prayers the night before.

When I don't catch anything then it's bad luck but when I do, then I call it skill. You see, fishing is really a disease and I caught it about thirty years ago. My best informed medical friends tell me that there is no known cure and there you have my last, and I think best, excuse for

standing naked in a north of Scotland loch waving a stick about – I can't help it.

However, let's be honest, there are a lot of other people who do it as well – fly fishing that is, not standing about in freezing cold water. At the last count it was estimated that there were more than four and a half million committed anglers in Britain and a further two hundred and fifty thousand visitors come to my neck of the woods each year in search of sport.

I hasten to add that they don't all adopt my particular mode of dress. Were they to do so then they probably would be 'committed' since it takes a deal of prac-

tice and experience to judge the weather alright before jumping in, and there are not many days hot enough north of Hadrians Wall to permit such glorious freedom.

The most usual form of attire adopted when fishing in Scotland consists of about forty-five layers of heavy woollen clothing over thermal underwear, the whole being encased in at least half a tone of well-oiled waterproofs. Thus dressed it becomes almost impossible to blink an eye, let alone thrash away with a trout rod – which is why so many anglers return home sullen and fishless to their long-suffering wives.

Nevertheless, there are the odd days when the rain stops, the force of the wind lessens and the skies brighten. Then it is possible to strip off and really get in amongst them – the trout that is.

Many years ago a Mr. Dunlop, I think, invented the practice of wrapping bits of rubber round the feet and legs in order to keep them dry. But I have been unlucky in that for the past couple of decades I have spent a small fortune on boots and wellies which seem to spring several leaks and disintegrate at the first hint of water.

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**'For many years fly fishing has been considered to be the pastime of the rich and idle. Nothing could be further from the truth . . .'**

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Therefore, rather than continuing partly dry at enormous cost, nowadays I prefer to be wholly wet for 'free'. This gives me the added benefit of being able to reach the parts other anglers can't get to, but unfortunately, this also applies to the water. And believe me, that first sudden shock of water, chilled by the April melted snows, rising between your legs can at times leave you speechless – amongst other things.

But taken all in all, it is a small price to pay compared to the freedom of movement obtained, and running on the spot for a few hours or a quick twenty-five mile 'burst' over the heather soon restores what little circulation is left.

For many years fly fishing has been considered to be the pastime of the rich and idle. Nothing could be further from the truth – apart, perhaps, from the idle bit. The art of fly fishing is a simple process to master and once the basic



Swearing by the rod at a Scottish Loch.



**What's the attraction of fly fishing? And what's in it for us? Bruce Sandison, author of 'The Trout Lochs of Scotland', tries to explain why it can become addictive. On a cool day, as the goose pimples get goose pimples, don't say we didn't warn you. What's more, Bruce says that there's no known cure for it!**



This lady's tackling the trout at Idaho.

techniques have been acquired the beginner should be able to hold his own trout rod with the best of them.

Nor is it expensive. Even today you can buy the equipment for a reasonably modest sum and £50 should see you well kitted out and ready to go. Essentially, all one requires is a trout rod, reel, line, nylon for making up casts and a small selection of flies – such as Black Pennel, Greenwell Glory, March Brown, Peter Ross, Soldier Palmer and Butchers – say three of each.

If you are very confident you could also purchase a landing net but in the early stages of your career as a budding Isaac Walton, it isn't absolutely necessary.

If you haven't got a friend who fly fishes, then purchase as well a simple, illustrated book on casting methods – there are dozens available. Set up your tackle and, book to the ready, spend a few hours practising on the lawn.

I must stress, however, that at this stage it is best to remain fully dressed. Otherwise big men in blue hats arrive in white cars with flashing lights and take you away. If you are very keen, join an



Lady hunter enjoys exploring new territory.



angling course and have a few days with an expert. The pre-eminent angling magazine is *Trout & Salmon* and each month it is packed with a wealth of information on how, where and when to fish. Have a look at it and you won't go far wrong.

However, for me one of the most pleasant aspects of fishing is the marvellous sensation of being naked in a remote loch on a hot summer's day, amidst the wild lonely grandeur of the highlands and islands of Scotland.

My wife and I love walking and spend glorious days out in the hills without encountering another soul. Our only companions are the curlew, red deer and curious otter. Regardless of the weather, when we return to civilisation we feel refreshed and ready once again

to cope – sort of – with whatever slings and arrows life cares to chuck in our direction.

Sorry, wait a moment, that's not exactly true – we were disturbed once, last year. It was a blistering hot day and we had walked out to a loch south of Melvich in Sutherland. Getting there involved a fairly steep climb and a heavy hike over the moor. Upon arrival at the waterside we stripped off our soaking clothes and, after a brief invigorating swim, luxuriated in the heather warmed by the unaccustomed heat of the sun.

What we had forgotten was the fact that the north of Scotland is a 'low flying' practice area for the Royal Air Force and frequently, jets whizz by at low altitudes – and when I say low I mean head-ducking low.

As we lay, half asleep, a huge, dark shape hurtled towards us at about 200 ft. – give or take the odd inch or so. The crew must have seen us because as they passed they tilted their craft through 90° and swept by grinning and waving.

Being a patriotic sort of couple we waved back and then lapsed into slumber. But that's the only time I can remember ever being 'disturbed' other, that is, than by the happy sound of rising trout.

So you see, there's far more to fly fishing than just catching trout and I can heartily recommend the sport to you as an absorbing and engrossing pastime. But watch out for that sudden, first, debilitating, capillary constricting, rush of cold water – and don't say that you haven't been warned.







'I think I'll just sit and watch, if you don't mind.'



# PEELING OFF AT PUNTA SKALA

**A**T 8 a.m. the Sunturist schooner *Lav* sailed up to the quay at Punta Skala to take us out for a day's cruise around the Kornati islands. The sky was clear and the Adriatic calm. We were not going to miss a day's sunbathing as this was a naturist cruise exclusively for guests at Punta Skala and the Hotel Alan.

The islands off the Dalmation Coast had looked inviting from the beach at Punta Skala, and after ten days of soaking up the sun at the hotel, we were looking forward to seeing more of Yugoslavia. We were anxious not to waste any of the beautiful sunshine, and so we decided against going on any of the coach trips up to the national parks in the mountains, but the Kornati Islands cruise was irresistible.

We sailed along the coast to Zadar where we docked at the quay to pick up guests from the Hotel Alan and the ship's provisions. The waterfront at Zadar is very attractive with its tree-lined promenade and elegant old buildings a contrast to the modern part of Zadar and its tower block flats.

As soon as we left Zadar to head out towards the islands the crew dispensed salami rolls, biscuits and slivovic, the local plum brandy. Don't sip this drink, but just knock it back in one go.

As soon as we left Zadar we stripped off. There was a cloudless sky and rippleless water. The temperature was in the seventies.

We cruised for about three hours around the islands, which were mostly uninhabited, and bare of trees. The Venetians had apparently cut down all the trees in order to use them to build Venice.

Occasionally, we passed small settlements of red roofed little houses. Some islands were solely occupied by sheep. But owing to lack of fresh water, these sheep must drink saltwater which makes their flesh too salty and inedible. So twice a year the islanders visit the flocks just to collect the wool.

At about midday we sailed into a little cove on Dugi Otok. Here we disembarked, and took a path over the hill to

the Silver Lake. This is an inland salt water lake where the sea has seeped through the limestone cliffs.

We walked a little around the shore, to avoid a textile cruise party, and then took off our clothes and dived in. Never have we found anywhere more perfect for swimming. Crystal clear water, very warm, with the bottom soon becoming sandy.

My wife, a keen botanist, was overcome by the variety of flora. Unspoiled, and unpolluted, this place was a paradise where we would have happily spent days exploring. After an hour and a half we plunged into the lake for a final swim and reluctantly made our way back to the *Lav* where we were the last to return.

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**'The red roofs of the houses and the forests of little pine and cypress trees are very different from the sandy beaches, crashing breakers and granite cliffs which I am used to.'**

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Lunch was served on board – grilled fish and meat, salad and a litre of wine. Food and drink on board was included in the excursion price of approximately £9 per head.

After lunch we retraced our outward trip back through the islands. By now everyone had had plenty to eat and drink and we just lazed on deck naked, soaking up the sun under a still cloudless sky. A group of Germans decided to do their keep fit exercises next to us on the deck – a routine they followed through every morning on the jetty at Punta Skala.

At about 5 p.m. shorts and bikinis were donned as we pulled into the pretty little village of Preko on Ugijan Island, which is the nearest island to Zadar and the mainland. A half hour in a harbour-side cafe, drinking delicious iced coffees was the finale to our island cruise.

Punta Skala was built in 1971 as Europe's first naturist hotel. Situated

nine miles north of Zadar, the hotel and bungalow complex is set in grounds of nearly four hundred acres, and the naturist beach extends for three miles. Like most of the Yugoslavian coast the beach is mainly rocky, but Punta Skala does have one small sandy cove and a large swimming pool, which are two important points if you have got kids.

I personally find the rocky coastline a change from the big sandy beaches back home in Cornwall. The white rocks meeting the calm, deep blue Adriatic; the red roofs of the houses and the forests of little pine and cypress trees are very different from the sandy beaches, crashing breakers and granite cliffs which I am used to.

My wife and I enjoyed our early morning walks along the beach, which was practically deserted once we left the vicinity of the hotel. We would frequently disturb a sleeping lizard on the rocks, and observed some beautiful butterflies, including some magnificent swallowtails. All the insects seemed much larger than those at home. The one to avoid was a huge evil-looking, green-headed fly that could inflict an irritating bite.

Strong plastic shoes are essential for walking along the rocks, and also for swimming in the sea because of the large quantities of sea urchins whose spines will break off and imbed themselves in your feet if you accidentally step on them.

The sea is usually calm and ideal for swimming, although some days there seemed too many jellyfish around for my liking. A sea breeze usually springs up in the afternoon and the sea can become choppy, and so the mornings are the best time for a dip.

Two weeks half board at Punta Skala in June costs a little over £200 per person including flight. This is remarkable value for money considering the facilities of the hotel, which are much better than the textile hotels in the area.

In the grounds there are five bars, three of which have charcoal grills, a night club, supermarket, gift shop,



Does the idea of sailing on smooth waters, slow and sun-soaked around lonely islands appeal? And a carefree fortnight in Europe's first naturist hotel? A natural environment – fascinating flora and fauna? All the facilities of a sophisticated resort? Digby Merry recommends Punta Skala as a Yugoslavian high-spot.



A slow boat to Yugo?





One way of avoiding being pricked by an urchin.



The Lav on the deep blue sea.



The Sexy Grill by the beach at Punta Skala.

doctor's surgery, tennis courts, children's playground and a hire shop. Boats and windsurfers can be hired at the beach.

The only problem we found with the hotel was the noise. Although the band will stop playing at 11 p.m. the rooms are so badly soundproofed that if you have any noisy neighbours along your corridor you will get little sleep. One night sound we did not object to was the song of the nightingale which sang outside our window.

Holidays at Punta Skala are offered by Yugotours. This year Aviogenex have started a weekly flight from Gatwick to Zadar, which avoids the long coach journey from Split Airport. Punta Skala is one of Europe's most popular naturist hotels and is well described in the holiday brochures, but no mention is made of Petrcane, the delightful little village only half a mile down the lane.

After a day of swimming and sunbathing at Punta Skala we liked to stroll down to the village in the evening for a meal at one of the little harbourside restaurants, where we would sit outside and watch the sunset over the Adriatic.

For about £3 per head, including wine, we had some excellent meals. Usually these consisted of home-made soup, charcoal-grilled meats or fresh fish, fruit and icecream, washed down by the local Dalmatian wines.

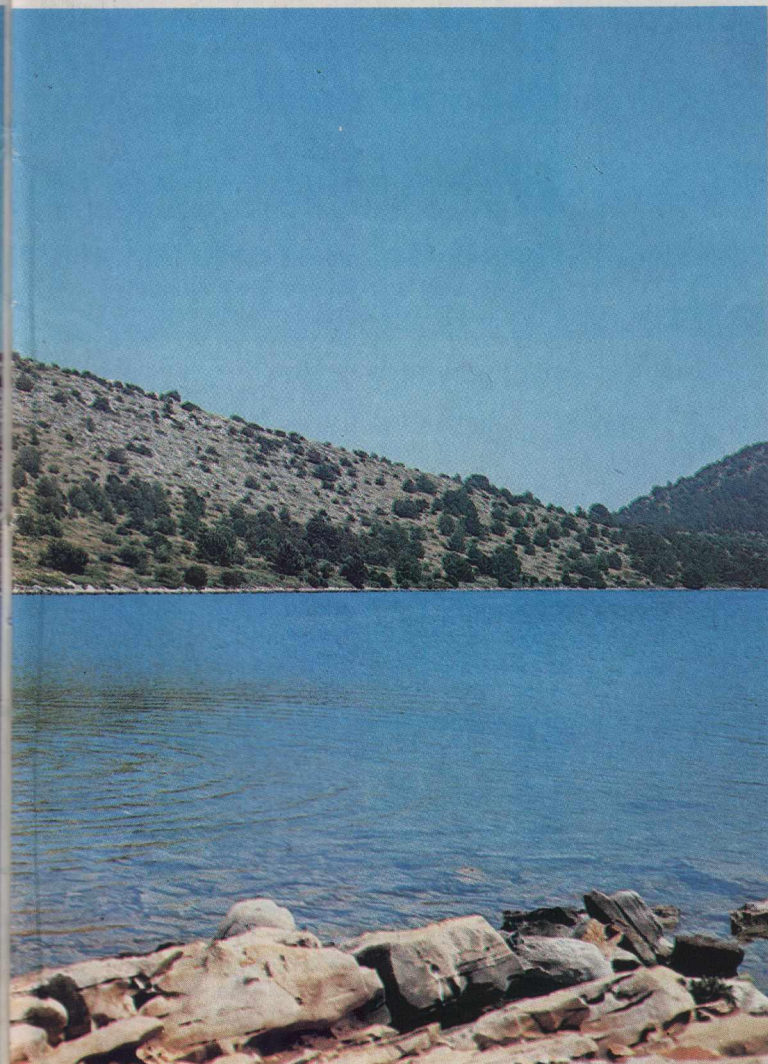
We shall return there.







Merry people on the deck of the Lav.





# LET'S TAKE IT EASY IN PORTO SANTO



The only layers needed are the oily ones.

**Q**UITE a long time ago, in fact back in the days when Long John Silver had two legs and an egg on his shoulder, a flotilla of Portuguese sailing ships set sail to explore the area around the Canary Islands.

They ran into some pretty dirty weather, and believe me it can blow up rough in that part of the Atlantic. This went on for days and days with most of the crew hanging their heads over the side, or staying in their bunks watching the lantern swing about like that bucket full of smoke they do when the Pope has a run ashore.

Eventually someone on board Mr. Zarco's ship saw a small island through the clag and in a couple of hours they dropped anchor just off a long sandy beach. They were so thankful to arrive safely that they called the island Porto Santo. The Holy Port in other words.

They came ashore and found good fertile hinterland and in fact stayed there for a year giving little thought to that 'dark cloud' on the horizon which didn't seem to move. Eventually curiosity got the better of some of them and they set sail again and in about six hours ran full tilt into Madeira, dropping anchor in what is now Machico Bay. In their enthusiasm to clear a bit of the jungle they set fire to a few of the trees with the result that the whole auction burnt furiously for seven years (or so the story goes), laying down a thick carpet of ash which is particularly good for the type of grapes used to make Madeira wine, and for bananas.

Over the years Madeira prospered and supported a growing population which now numbers about 300,000, but Porto Santo was left to its own devices. The population even now is still only about 4,500.

However, everything is slowly changing because the gorgeous Madeira has but one small sandy bay near Machico with thousands of tourists on it, whereas Porto Santo has 7 km of superb soft sand with few people around, even at the height of the season.

I know just what you are thinking – how about a week in Funchal with all the big hotels and night life followed by a week lurking around the long beach without a bikini? You have holed out in one. It's a splendid idea and I am doing it now, at the end of February, out on the open beach and drafting out this article with nothing in sight except my bottle of Porto Santo wine, and a glass borrowed from the bar of the superb four star Porto



**Where can you find seven kilometres of soft, luscious sand with few people around, and nobody to tell you off for going naked? Porto Santo's the place – a pretty paradise island reasonably close to Madeira – undeveloped, and unspoilt. Edward Williams puts us in the picture.**



Santo Hotel.

It's no longer necessary to be shipwrecked to get here. It's just three and a half hours in a Boeing 727 (757's shortly) to Funchal, and then a nineteen-seater De Havilland Twin Otter which lobs down onto the long Porto Santo runway after about fifteen minutes of low flying. This stretches almost the whole width of the island. But more of this later. You can also go by boat (three hours).

Although Madeira is regarded by the high street travel agents as being a bit up-market, a two-centre deal from somebody like Suntours of Witney won't call for a second mortgage on the ticky-tacky box. Much depends upon the hotel on the big island. Reids with its dress-for-dinner routine is one thing, but there are plenty of very good and much cheaper hotels from which to choose if you are not overburdened with pound notes. Wherever you go, the service given by the very friendly Madeirans will be superb.

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**'You go up the hill on the bus . . . come down in this wickerwork basket thing. On the first corner some magician takes your photo which is printed by the time you get to the bottom.'**

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They like us, and we like them. It shows from the moment you arrive, and so could I once again plug the same old line? Don't overcook the goose. They are all comparatively new to the wall-to-wall suntan scene and what might be all right on Porto Santo beach, won't go down all that well at Reids Hotel daily tea party (book by 11 and turn up by 3.30. It starts bang on 4 o'clock and you need not be staying at the Hotel to attend it). Promise now, or I won't write any more of these articles. You don't have to be a paid-up Nudist or Naturist – just a Protocolist.

Shall we start first with a little detail about the Big Island?

From the airport, Funchal (the capital) is about forty-five minutes by road and Machico, which is really a sort of holiday complex rather on the lines of Elounda in Crete, maybe ten minutes. Most of the tourists head for Funchal and this is where one-third of the island population work and live.

Every type of hotel from the British Raj Reids, through the Sheraton, the Hilton, the Girassol to the two-star names is



Naturists the world over are searching for remote spots to soak up the sun.

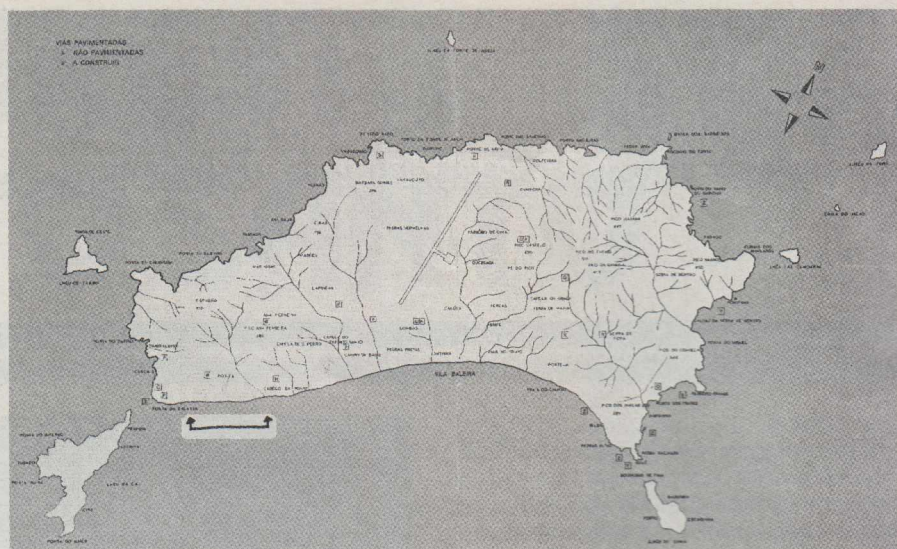


there for the asking, but wherever you go the friendliness and willing service will be the same, and you can thank the British Army for much of that. They had a garrison here for quite a while, and you know, they only turn nasty when they have to. The rest of the time, in these foreign parts, they get their feet under someone's dining table and scatter the Regimental Seed around a bit. Many of them stayed on the island and set up shop. Valentina dear, you didn't get your blue eyes for a couple of books of trading stamps.

If you have never seen a black swan, have a look in the public gardens at the bottom of the hill on Avenida do Infante. If it's flowers – go to Blandy's Gardens for the orchids and the Birds of Paradise (both last about six weeks at home if they are packed by the local experts). If it's the vino – try one of the many free 'tasting Bodegas'. If you are cunning there are enough of them to see you through fourteen days' pre-lunch drinks. But have a care for the Duke of Clarence; he's got more of a kick than you might think. Filthy habit is this drinking – I only do it when I feel thirsty (which is most of the time).

What else? Oh yes, up the hill to Monte on the bus and come down the cobbled road in this wickerwork basket thing. It takes off and slides down the Cresta run like the proverbial exhaust from a cab-horse, and on the first corner some magician takes your photo which is printed by the time you get to the bottom. So, if you want a permanent record of what your girlfriend looked like when you first asked her to hop into bed, this is where you get it. Charles IV of Austria died here, you know, but not actually on the track.

Wickerwork. Hundreds of houses grow the right sort of willow and bung it on the garage roof to dry. Eventually it fetches up at the village called Camacha



to be made into everything you can think of. Tables, chairs, wine bottle holders and even these dreary ice cream cone things (full of dead pansies) which fall off the wall when you open the front door.

Camara de Lobos, a small fishing village quite close to Funchal, is worth a visit. Quite often the fishermen hook up a Black Espada from the depth of around 6,000 feet. Good eating with a bottle of 'Rainwater' brand of Madeira wine, but beware – the rainwater has got the same sort of bite as the fish when he's patrolling the depths.

A little further on from Camara, it is well worth seeing the very high rocky cliffs at Cabo Girao. The highest in Europe, so I am told.

So far as sun-worship is concerned, Madeira island (the island of Wood) is really not suitable because of the lack of beaches. A few enthusiasts persevere in the area around Machico, but the island really attracts the sort of people who just want a good comfortable hotel, with its

own swimming pool, good food and drink; good shops, taxis, tropical flower gardens, etc.

Porto Santo island, on the other hand, is quiet with only two hotels (both very good) and has escaped much of the usual tourist development. But it does have this superb long beach with very little oil contamination or general garbage.

The four star Santo Porto Hotel is about 1 km from the small capital town of Vila Baleira and the best way to get to the two or three supermarkets is to walk along the beach. At the height of the season (May to September) there are quite a number of people using the stretch, and so the best area for sunning is towards Ponta da Calheta.

Even so, you must be circumspect. It isn't quite the same as Paradise Beach on Mykonos, and the local people have not yet hoisted in the potential of the island. In five years or so, when many more people do a two-centre holiday it is probable that the local authorities will have to set aside an official nudist beach to keep the visitors rolling in. There is very little to do apart from enjoying the beach.

The best time to go is September, February and March are too early, and constant bright sun doesn't really start until April, but it's a changeable scene. Never cold, but winters can be like July in England and a freak August in Porto Santo can give you the pip with sudden storms and so on. However, during fourteen days it is going to be very acceptable most of the time and a lot better than you will get at home.

I am getting nice and brown writing this, and slightly stoned as well to tell the truth. Nothing else to do, and you have to accept the fact that it's stuck out in the Atlantic – not the Med, so don't complain if it rains for the first time in three years on the day you fetch up, or if the daily boat service to Funchal is cancelled because of rough seas. I believe a hydrofoil service is planned but these machines don't like it really rough either.

The usual final question – would I go again?

Definitely I would – even if the tap water is a bit salty and the local Porto Santo wine rather cloudy.



Porto Santo's the ideal place to lie back and relax – and little else.





You can, of course, make your own amusement.



# HOLIDAY BLUES



'You have to be grown up to really enjoy this sort of holiday.'



***We spotted Corinne at Cap D'Agde, thoroughly enjoying her annual holiday. But when we happened to mention children, she spoke out firmly against family holidays. Her own experiences were not exactly enthralling, so perhaps she's got a point. Are holidays spent as a unit really such fun occasions – or should we just send the kids off to a camp?***

**S**INCE I've been working, the biggest discovery I've made so far is the holiday. The time you plan all year for, save for, buy clothes for, and dream about – the couple of weeks you just take yourself away and forget all your cares and troubles.

Yet I've had two holidays a year since I was a toddler. But they were the biggest waste of time ever. As an only child I spent holidays tagging around after my parents. They were a nuisance. I was a nuisance.

At home I knew every stone and every berry bush intimately. I had my friends to play with and I had my pets. Holidays were the time I was dragged into a strange environment with little in the way of toys and expected to amuse myself.

If we stayed in a hotel it meant I'd spend evenings in an unfamiliar looking bedroom, nervous, lonely and unable to sleep. One night in particular springs to mind as the night I thought the end of the world had come. We were

staying in a Gasthaus in the Austrian mountains and a storm rose as I'd never seen. Violet, brilliant red, green, electric – the sky was an artist's fluorescent palette. Then the lights would flicker and I was plunged in darkness.

By the time my parents returned I was a jibbering wreck but they, swollen and sozzled, couldn't understand my anxiety. But I couldn't expect them to. To them it was an adventure. Exciting continental food, exotic tastes and smells, change – refreshing and stimulating.

Sometimes we stayed with our Austrian relatives. I was a doted upon little granddaughter. What a pity I couldn't speak their tongue. One evening they went out and I was locked in the toilet. There was no way I could have should 'Help' in a foreign language and the thought of my cousins all laughing as I bashed on the door just plunged me in despair. So I sat there for four hours until my parents returned to make me look and













On a rock like this, you can enjoy  
your own company without  
getting disturbed.



'Are you sure this boat will provide a moving experience?'









feel even more of a fool for sitting there.

I reckon it's not half so bad for children with siblings, assuming they get on together. But they still have to drag around their parents.

I think the best thing parents can do is send the kids to a summer camp. Expensive, perhaps, but worth it if you can afford it.

I've never been to one, but I'd have done anything to be with children of my own age, and to do children's things instead of sitting in backs of cars, visiting beauty spots, or building endless sand castles

within easy reach of Mum and Dad, or sitting quietly enduring grown-up conversation.

It would be ideal for parents who wanted to be nudists but had children who were not so struck on the idea. Or if they didn't mind, they could go to children's nudist resorts. Imagine the sort of place it would be. There'd be none of the boring adult issues and 'what-if's' that usually get asked. Children don't spend hours mulling over the moral aspects of nudity. They just accept it. Left to their own devices in a group environment, children would dress or undress as was sen-

sible.

How nice it would be to spend time in a child-centred environment. Where, if you had to go to bed at a certain time you'd all be in the same boat (or dormitory). There'd be plenty of activities laid on.

Parents would be free to be alone for their second, third or fourth honeymoons. Without the hassle of moaning, dragging kids.

The holiday is an adult invention. It's a time to escape the stresses and strains of work. Many adults feel that holidays are a time to do, almost literally, nothing. They

merely want to lie on the beach, soak up the sun and do nothing more energetic than a ten minute swim. For them it's a release of tension.

This is hardly necessary for the child. Children are far better off with constant stimulation and plenty of fun. Maybe my ideas on summer camps are fanciful, but for the first time in my life, I've really enjoyed a stereotyped holiday. For the first time I've needed one. No longer are they something to dread as they were when I was not yet grown up.

Bliss at last!

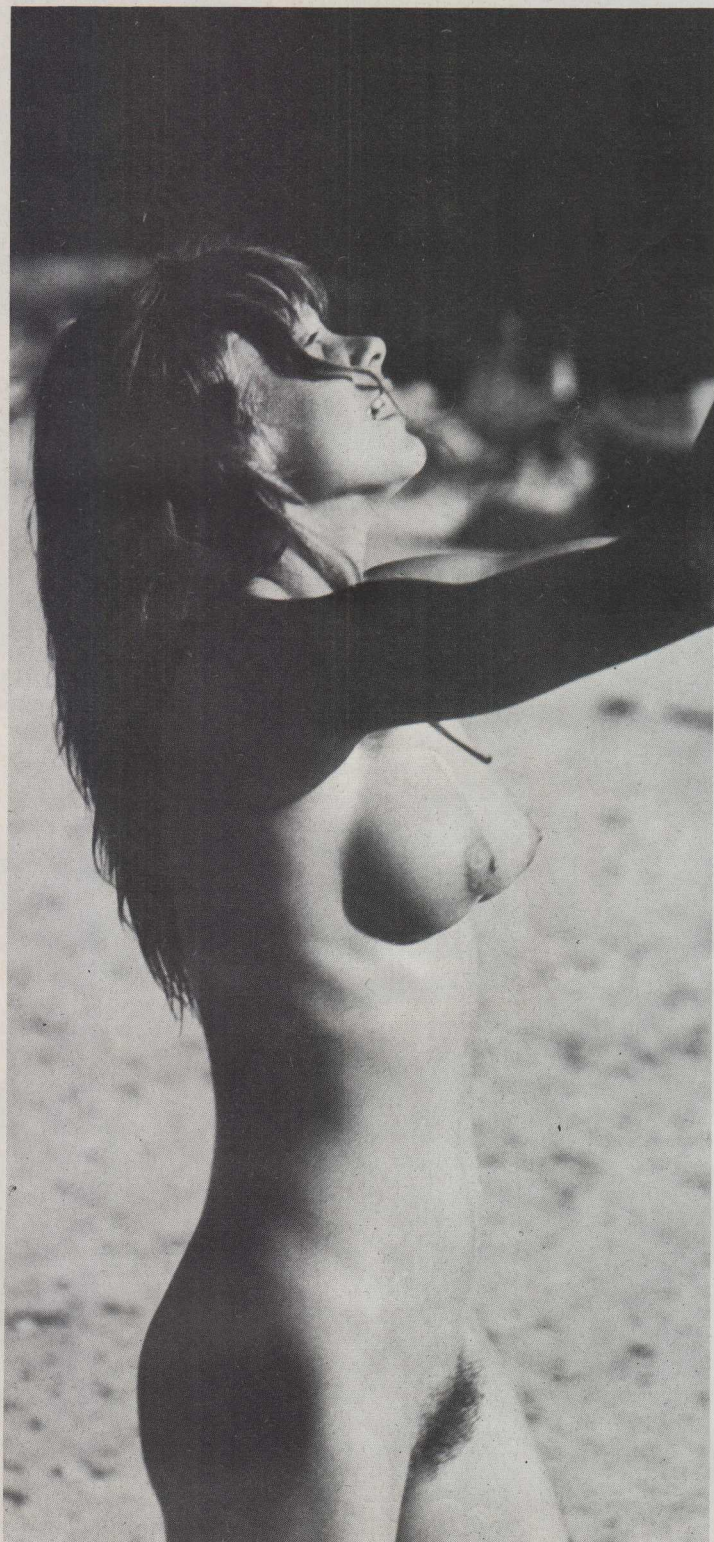


'There's no shortage of entertainment here' – well, Corinne's anyway.



# CAN YOU FORECAST

It seems such a long way to our summer holidays. As we look out of the window we wonder goomily if the sun will ever return. We mock the men in the meteorological office – they never seem to get it right. But perhaps we should do a little forecasting ourselves? Edna Knowles shows us how.



Trying to catch the wind?



Does this mean wet,

**T**HOSE interested in the countryside and open air activities gradually learn to become good weather forecasters. In fact, I have often been told that I am obsessed by the weather! Certainly it is the only radio programme that I never miss, although the forecasts are not always correct in this North Wales area of mountains and sea. Usually the forecast seems to promise rain after a drought, or mild weather after a frost, or sun after gloom, two or three days in advance of the actual appearance of such a welcome change. And then it seems to last only about ten minutes

before the original weather is back again.

Another peculiar thing about the forecast, or rather people's reaction to it, is that no one can agree on what they have actually heard!

British weather, being what it is, causes us, when doing long walks or climbs, to carry rainwear and extra cardigans, summer and winter, without really troubling much about the forecast at all. If it's fine, it probably won't be in an hour or so. If it teems with rain, or a bitter wind comes up, there is always a sheltered place in inland valleys – especially on Forestry Commission land,



# THE WEATHER?

IDEAS  
FOR  
NATURAL  
LIVING



fine or unsettled?

where one can get one's exercise.

Things aren't so easy for those liking the sun, especially hot sun, for removal of clothing. On the whole, except for the north coast resorts, the mountains and hills of North Wales are usually obscured by clouds, or there is just no way of getting right out of the wind while still facing the sun. That is probably the reason why there is not so much naturist activity in Wales as there is in the south of England.

What signs can those obsessed by the weather look out for? Well, there are many

couplets about the coming of fine weather.

'Red sky at night, shepherd's delight;

Red in the morning, shepherd's warning.'

'Evening grey and morning red,

Lamb and ewe go wet to bed.'

'Dew in the night, Next day will be bright.'

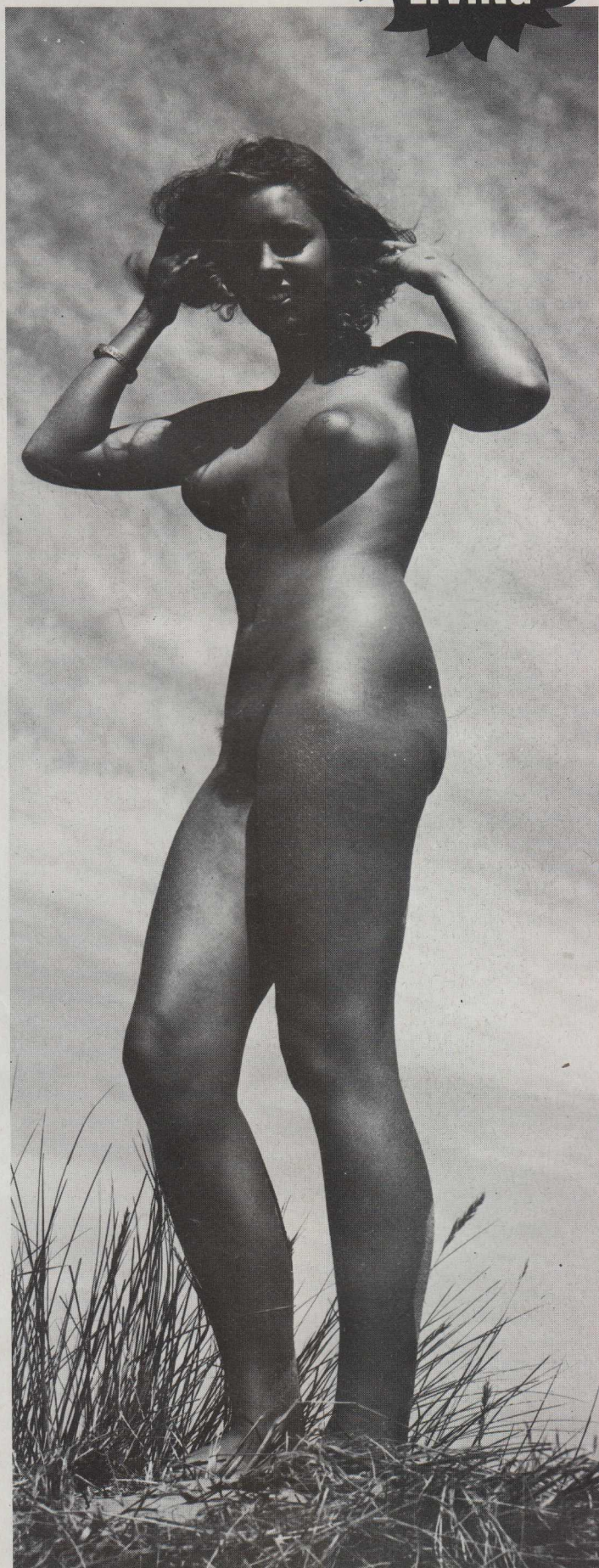
'Grey mists at dawn, The day will be warm.'

'Rain before seven, Fine before eleven.'

'A sun-shiny shower, Won't last half an hour.'

'If the sun goes pale to bed, 'Twill rain tomorrow, it is said.'

Most of us know only too



There's much to be said for having your head in the clouds.



well what to expect according to wind direction. East winds in summer usually bring sunny weather and drought, but in winter, sun and severe frosts. South, south-west and west winds normally being mild weather in winter and damp close weather in summer. The south-west are chiefly the rain-bearing winds, although in winter they can bring snow if following a cold spell. North-west winds are usually accompanied by sunny weather, but they can be very cold in winter. But north, north-east and east are the most biting winds. 'When the wind is in the east, 'Tis neither good for man or beast.'

Strength of the wind makes an enormous difference, and one can reckon that it will lower the apparent temperature by 10° or more. Rain and strong wind are relentless, especially in mountains or on an exposed sea coast.

We do not get many calm days in Britain, certainly not on the coasts or in mountain districts, and it is quite a rarity to see smoke rising slowly into the air. If we do, it is usually on a cold frosty day of winter.

The best way of foretelling the weather, if only one type of sign is used, is from the clouds. We all know the cirrus type, which are high ice clouds forming 'mare's tails' and other very fine patterns in the sky. These denote strong winds, as do the 'lenticular clouds', also formed by gales. Mare's tails means dry weather if decreasing, but if they increase, rain is likely to follow. Lenticular clouds usually occur when rain is on the way. 'Mackerel sky', looking like blobs of cotton wool, is a form of the cumulus cloud type, denoting fair weather but windy, and they can also mean changeable weather. 'Mackerel sky and mare's tails, Make tall ships carry low sails.'

The larger cumulus clouds, which float leisurely across as lovely blue sky mean reasonably settled fine weather. 'If woolly fleeces strew the heavenly way, Be sure no rain disturbs the sunny day.'

These clouds can also build up like rocks and towers, and then denote showery weather. If black and menacing, they are known as 'nimbus' clouds, and forecast rain and possibly thunder and lightning. Strato-cumulus is a more complete cloud cover, usually showing a horizontal banked effect,

although stratus itself can be more separated bands. Often they forecast dull drizzly weather. All of these cloud forms are low water clouds.

Of course, there are many more ways of subdividing these basic cloud types, and it is a good idea to get hold of a good illustrated book, for descriptions of them are useless.

The temperature and wind force and direction, together with the cloud pattern and any precipitation will give a really good idea of what the weather is likely to be, for a few hours at least. But if, like me, you are out all day roaming the countryside in all seasons, it is better to be prepared for the

worst!

I don't think that I have ever gone walking without a mac or two, plus hoods and scarves and an extra cardigan, in case of sudden rain or wind. Those whose main interest is sunbathing will not have to worry quite so much about possible changes in the weather, as shelter, or the car, is usually nearby.

Many people forecast weather from plants, or from animal behaviour. The scarlet pimpernel is often known as 'poor man's weather-glass'. Daisies react to weather, as do pieces of seaweed and cones. But actually, by the time they show any change, the weather

will have arrived, and will be quite obvious to anyone. Such rhymes as:

'Oak before ash, only a splash; Ash before oak, expect a soak.' and the supposed forecast of a hard winter by an abundance of hips and haws, rowans and other berries, are equally useless. The prolific fruits are surely the result of suitable weather which has already gone, not that the plants wish to feed the birds!

As to the oak and ash, their behaviour varies from district to district, and from tree to tree. Normally, the ash is the first to drop its leaves in autumn, of any tree, and the last to open its buds in spring. Oaks are tougher and have a longer period in leaf.

Some animal behaviour can forecast weather changes, but it would not be very satisfactory to rely on this, as wild animals, at least, are difficult to see at all, far less can they be easily observed in unusual activities. Also, only some individuals of a particular species react. We all know of dogs and cats which seem to know that a storm is approaching. Cattle are said to stampee with their tails in the air, while pigs are restless before gales. The coming of rain attracts fish to the surface, causing splashing and ripples on the water, and a change to rain is said to cause house mice to become more active. Donkeys bray more loudly, and cats have been observed to wash even more carefully than usual.

Birds, of course, fly lower if rough weather is imminent, and gulls are seen settling in farm fields. People have observed that cocks will crow at roosting time, and ducks and geese make more noise if rain is due. Among wild birds, the missel thrush is notorious for its habit of singing from the very top of a tree, defying the coming wind and rain, or even continuing to sing through it. That is why it has been called the 'storm cock'.

Keeping weather records is an interesting hobby, especially if one does it seriously, with maximum and minimum thermometer, barometer, rain-gauge and anemometer. One could also cut out the weather chart from the daily paper and keep it with the day's observations. To know just how often the meteorological office's forecast is correct would be of considerable interest, for we may not be entirely justified in grumbling that it is always wrong!



Natural elements can be quite breathtaking at times.



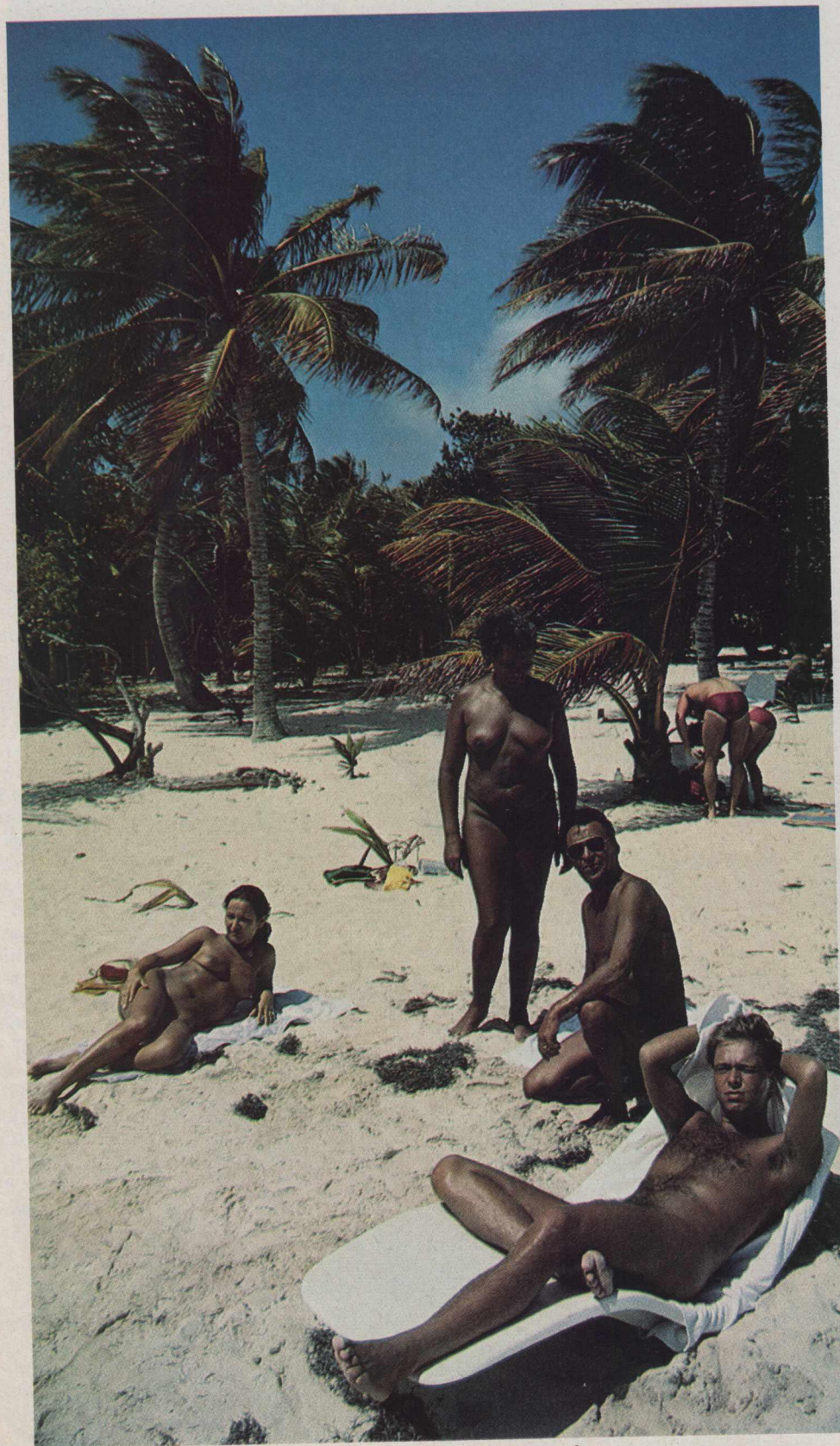


Night-time nudies follow the moon.



# GUADELOUPE

## A Golden Interlude



You'll find a relaxed tropical atmosphere.

**I**T was 79°F on arrival, at 10 o'clock in the night. High humidity, an almost deserted Raizet airport with no bank for money exchange, and all the car rentals shut down for that late hour. All the taxis out front were Mercedes Benz diesels. The bright point was the familiar face of Colonel Jean Rocquemont, who had come to the airport to meet me.

Our Mercedes taxi took Jean Rocquemont and me out of town (Point-à-Pitre) to 'La Barrière de Colail' in Sainte





**Going anywhere exotic this winter? How about a trip to Guadeloupe? This hot and relaxed island offers ample facilities to indulge in tropical naturism. Coral sands, warm lagoon waters, dense green vegetation, Caribbean rhythm and French sophistication. What a perfect combination! By Leif Heilberg.**



Ann, and the night-time fare was 130 fr. (£13). This is an inexpensive, motel-style resort much frequented by naturists. Although a bit primitive in looks, the cabins are fairly clean, have hot and cold running water, toilet, shower stall, and a kitchenette with propane gas stove and all the equipment needed to cook meals.

There are fly screens on all windows, table and chairs on the veranda outside, and the electricity is 220v. Bring an inexpensive transformer for your 110v.

shaver, hair drier, etc., and have converters from the French-style (two thin, round and wide-set prongs) electric plus to the US flat style.

The daily cabin rental is 150 fr. (£15), the same for a couple or a single. That is very reasonable for Guadeloupe. One hundred feet to the west and across the main road is the Motel de Ste-Anne with a bit larger and more modern rooms, and the rent is 170 fr. (£17). That place also has a restaurant. Right next to Bar-

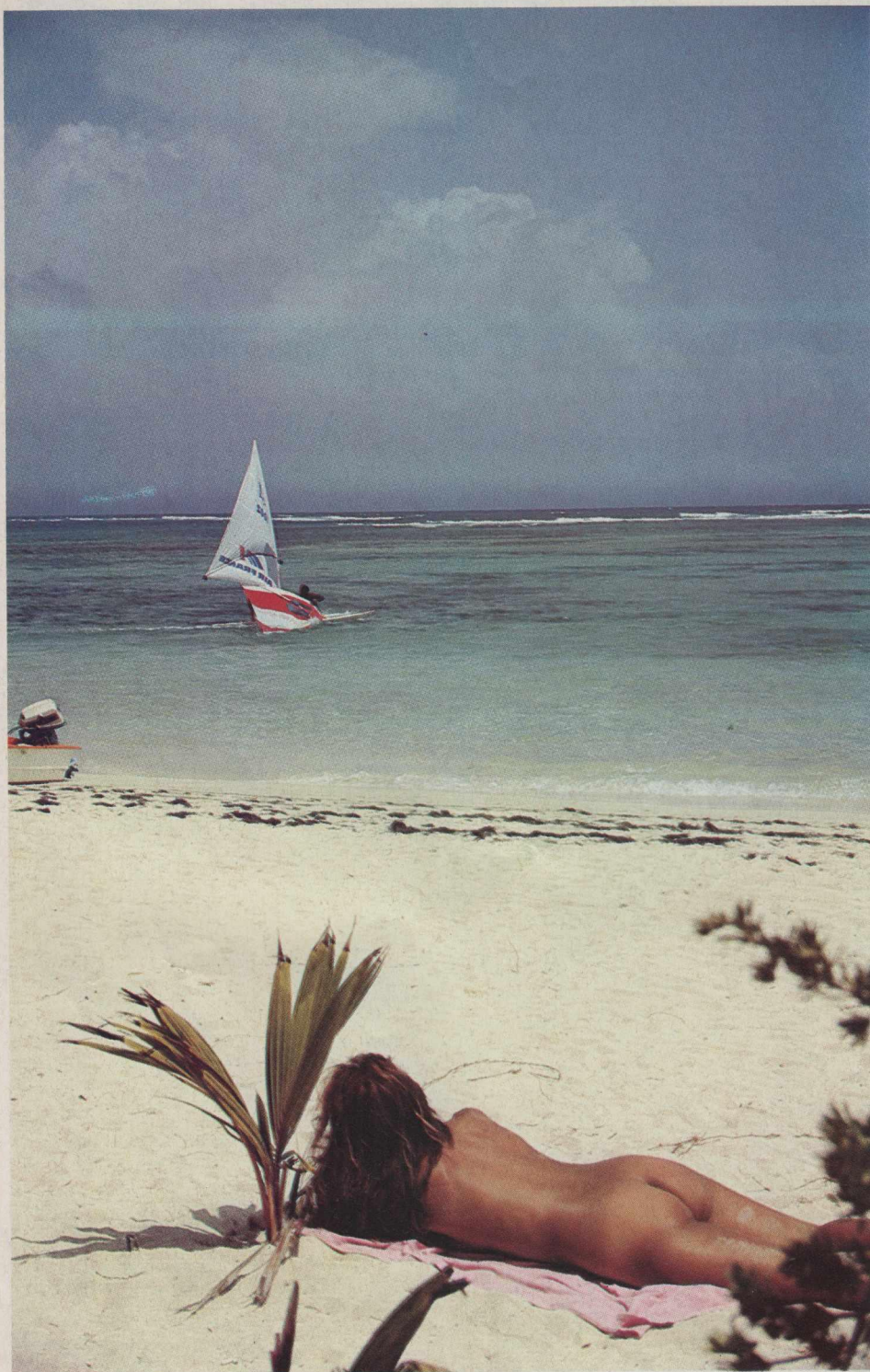
rière de Corail, between it and Club Med (Caravelle), is the new Hotel Le Rotabas with modern but small rooms, very modern bathrooms, and no kitchen, and the rent is 195 fr. (£19.50) for a single, a bit more for a double. Here is also a restaurant.

Mme Bastaraud is in charge of Le Rotabas, runs a decent place, and is in favour of naturism. She is sure to play an ever increasing rôle in quartering naturists for this vital area. She has



Enjoy the warm lagoon waters.





**You couldn't call the place crowded.**

a Telex installed and can therefore confirm your travel agent's booking without delay. Otherwise, mail from Guadeloupe can easily take ten to twelve days – even by air – to the US. If you write letters, be sure to send them air-mail.

Prices given for the above tourist facilities are all for the high season. They are even lower most of the year. Why mention these places in particular? Because they are very close to the eastern section of the Caravelle beach, the best and foremost naturist beach on Guadeloupe. It is long, with silky white coral sand, warm lagoon waters, and coconut palm trees from ten to fifty feet beyond the water's edge, great for shade bathing when one has enough suntan (sunburn for tender palefaces like me).

A few people keep their bathing suits

on. Most of the rest are at least topless, and the remainder are nude. There are many people on the beach but one cannot call it crowded. A few older folks can be seen, but the vast majority seem to be in the twenties and thirties. Very few children are present except at the weekend when locals bring the whole family along.

Many of the bathers stay right at Club Med, and are predominantly American and Canadian. Almost all the rest are French. Just a few Black Guadeloupeans join in nudity, and a few of their women are topless. Until recently, the natives disdained nudity, but now they are slowly coming around to the socially more advanced naturist viewpoint.

Sixteen years ago, before official permission for nude beaches was given, there were only three beaches fre-

quented by nude bathers, namely Pointe Tarare, Anse à Poulain, and Plage de Clugny at Pointe Allegre. Now there are ten nude beaches, some more popular than others, some more isolated, and with varied looks and facilities. At Caravelle one has, of course, full use of the multiple facilities of Club Med. Just outside its limits there are snack bars and restaurants, and parking for outsiders who come for the day.

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**'The sand on the naturist beaches goes from coarse volcanic black, through golden brown to pure white and powdery. The water is always warm and inviting.'**

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Rental cars cost from around £16 per day with unlimited mileage, plus £3 per day for full insurance coverage on the car. With low mileage, a smaller daily basis and so much per kilometre is better, and the best thing is that one need not decide on the plan till one returns the car and calculates which way costs less.

It pays to buy a good map of the islands in a local stationery store. On it you will find printed Plage Naturiste in several places, and the Gendarmerie Nationale (National militia style police force trusted to a higher degree than city police) recognises all these naturist







It's a growing craze in Guadeloupe.



Visitors enjoy running along the silky white sand.

beaches and defends one's civil rights in their use.

In addition to the map, make sure you have contacted Jean Rocquemont, since he acts as a goodwill ambassador for local naturist promotion. He is president of Angecepert, the naturist organisation of the Lesser Antilles, French West Indies. He is also allied with the Office du Tourisme de la Guadeloupe, the director of which, Mme Richardson, has visited many nudist clubs in the US, joined INF, and knew both Edith Church many years ago, and Bob Walker, former vice-president of INF.

The Tourist Office will therefore respond to naturist inquiries and send both regular tourist brochures (on some of which nudism is also mentioned) as well as specialised information on naturist beaches and nearby facilities. Jean Rocquemont does the same for you, but he will also guide you to various beaches, introduce you to many persons, and in effect open doors for you and facilitate your stay.

A trip around the mountainous Basse-Terre takes about four hours. But then, you will probably want to visit some of the naturist beaches en route, like Anse à Poulain, Plage de Grande Anse, Fort Royal (if you pay Club Med fees), and Plage de Clugny which is part of Pointe Allegre on the northern tip of Basse-Terre. At all these beaches you will find facilities in varied degrees, from adjoining hotels, through camping grounds with some food service, to a smaller hut with cold drinks and meal service. Earlier, it was thought necessary to hide





You don't really need much encouragement to swim ...



... Or enjoy the company of fellow sun-lovers



... Or to plan the day's activities.

naturist beaches from the public view, but as of 16 March 1983 the Brigade de Gendarmerie Nationale de Sainte-Rose declared before me and Jean Rocquemont that the western part of Clugny beach, going alongside the main highway and in places being visible from passing cars, is perfectly OK for nude bathing. This is another step forward since my visit in 1967, also with Jean Rocquemont, to the governor's office brought about the first official permission for more nude beaches in the islands than the sole one permitted at Pointe Tarare since 1964.

With a side excursion up to the volcano La Soufrière, by a narrow winding road through dense green vegetation, and stopping briefly at naturist beaches, a full day passes quickly. One might even be tempted to cover Basse-Terre in two separate daylong trips. Scenically it is more picturesque and visually stimulating than the flat Grande-Terre, the adjoining island. On both islands, balmy trade winds make the 80–90 degree temperatures easy to take.

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**‘The climate, the naturist beaches, the French atmosphere, the lack of Latin aggressiveness, the mix of Caribbean rhythm and French sounds make for a unique experience.’**

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Be careful on the roads. The French in general, and the locals in particular, consider the public roads a racetrack and drive like crazy. They pass at the wrong times and places, making me shake my head in disgust and disbelief repeatedly. No wonder they have an accident rate four times higher than in France.

The sand on the naturist beaches goes from coarse volcanic black, like at Anse à Poulain, through golden brown on other beaches like Clugny, to pure white and powdery like at Caravelle. The water is always warm and inviting, and shark attacks are unknown around here. Usually, the reef keeps out the undesirable denizens of the deep, but the few that do get through don't seem to like the smell of humans. Maybe the suntan oil is repugnant to them; anyway, they stay away.

The only danger in the water is the black sea urchin. Don't step on it, or its long pointy spines will pierce your footsoles like if it were a porcupine. It will hurt for days and the tips of the spines, broken off inside the flesh, are very difficult to remove.

Otherwise there are few tropical pests here. Malaria has been eradicated, dengue fever is rare, and stomach disorders of the amoebic variety are much more prevalent in Mexico and the rest of Latin America. There is another bacterial pest, in the rivers, so stay out of them to be safe. In this paradise there are no snakes, nor scorpions, nor poisonous spiders or other dangerous animals. I saw very few mosquitoes and only a couple of flies, plus one single cockroach. Lizards are visible most places;







they, and some little wall-climbing frogs, take care of the excess insect population. There is lots of greenery, and some places beautiful tropical flowers are planted, like Poinsettia, Flamboyant, Bougainvillea, etc.

Some women visitors fear they are going to be pestered and possibly attacked here by men, like in Puerto Rico, but that is not so. The French atmosphere reigns and the men are just as gentlemanly as in France.

Prices appearing in a recent naturist article on Guadeloupe were very misleading. Some were correct, while others were quoted as for a couple while actually being per person. Jean Rocquemont was amazed to see some of the quotes. Let us just say that the range of prices, low to high, goes very much like

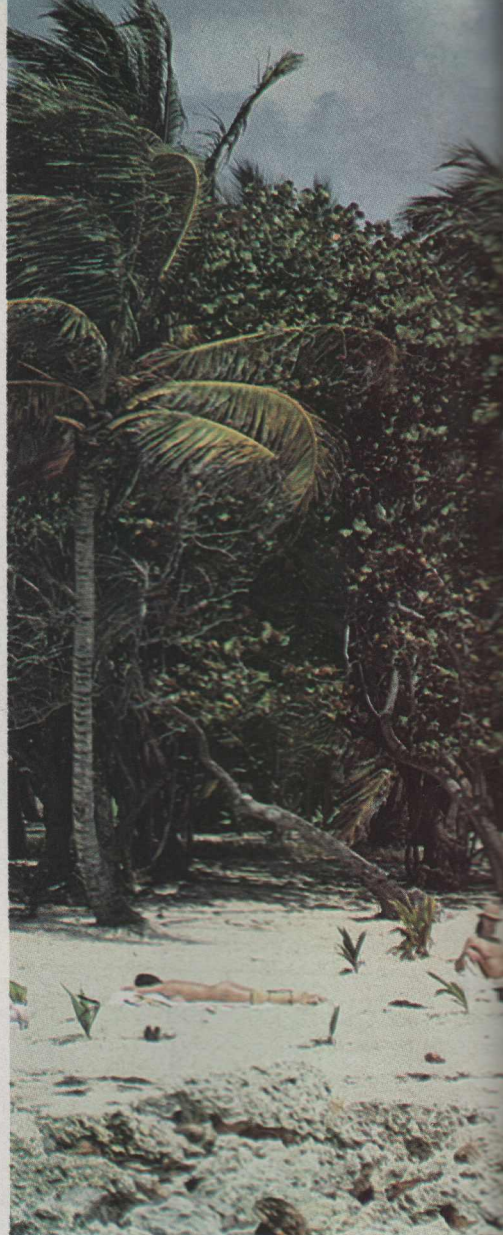
in the US, with no particular great bargains and no unpleasant surprises either. Petrol costs somewhat more, around 43p-50p per litre, but then, one only drives smaller, economical cars here.

The climate, the naturist beaches, the French atmosphere, the lack of Latin aggressiveness, the mix of Caribbean rhythm and French sounds make for a unique experience. As the French say: 'Vive les petites differences!'

Everyone, of all races and creeds, speaks French. Besides, the Blacks (Africans, as they call themselves here, and Negres as the White call them) also speak a dialect called Créole which is slightly different from island to island. With a smattering of French no tourist would ever be lost here. At most hotels



There's plenty of space to find a place for a friendly chat.



and tourist services English is also understood, and Jean Rocquemont speaks it rather fluently. You will see him walk tirelessly up and down the nude beach, greeting new arrivals, and giving them brochures and instructions on how to contact clubs at home if they don't already belong.

You might say that there are no absolute naturist beaches here on Guadeloupe but rather clothing-optional beaches. Since beach access is always guaranteed by the law, no beach can be private up to fifty paces from the water line. Therefore, even if one declares the beach naturist, compulsory nudity cannot be enforced. Some men wear their bathing trunks, some women their one-piece, or their two-piece swim suit. Most women go topless if not nude.

Le Departement de la Guadeloupe is the only part of the European Common Market that has tropical naturist beaches. Any naturist who has wanderlust, who has curiosity about faraway places with strange-sounding names, would welcome the opportunity to visit this lovely Caribbean island. Combining the trip with a visit to neighbouring St. Martin and its naturist Club Orient resort, you kill two birds with one stone and achieve diversity for about the same airfare. Have a lovely vacation next time!





Swaying palm trees provide natural shade.



The beaches are clothes-optional – but nudity is a popular choice.









Guadeloupe is a cosmopolitan area where people tan to various shades.



# EATING FOR HEALTH

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**Fibre may be fashionable at the moment, but it's certainly good for you. If you suspect your diet is faulty – too many fast foods, fancy and fatty, think of fibre for the right road to health. A few changes to your diet may change your life. It might be easier than you think. Charles O'Dooley gives us the facts.**



## IDEAS FOR NATURAL LIVING

**H**EALTH is one of the most important elements in the good life. The better the health, the more adequate and satisfying the life.

The Encyclopaedia Britannica only gives five lines to the word health, while there are numerous lengthy articles dealing with scores of different diseases. Medical journals and medical libraries abound in material on disease, but fail to give any extensive treatment of health. It is indeed a rarity to find a book that deals with what health is and how to maintain it.

One such rarity is a book by an English medical doctor, entitled *The Wheel of Health*, by G. T. Wrench. Instead of spending his time on the subject of sickness, Dr. Wrench asked, 'What is health? Why are people well? Where can I find the healthiest people to study?'

After much inquiry and research, Wrench concluded that the Hunzas, a tribe occupying a small valley in the border area between India and Tibet are the world's healthiest people. Much of Dr. Wrench's book is devoted to an examination of the reasons for their

state of well being. He concluded that: 'Disease only attacked those whose "outer-circumstances", particularly food, are faulty. The prevention of disease is primarily a matter of the right kind of food.'

'Antiseptics, medicaments, inoculations, and extricating operations only evade the real problem. Good health is obtained and preserved by taking into our bodies the right kind of food.'

Our bodies are composed chiefly of water. But besides water our bodies also contain some twenty elements which are derived from the earth, mainly in the kind of food we intake. The cells of our bodies are ceaselessly wearing themselves out through the normal functioning of tissues and organs, and the blood stream is busy carrying the waste products of body function to the lungs, the pores of the skin and other excretory agencies. Just as ceaselessly the food which enters the alimentary canal is being converted into substances which are used in rebuilding cells, tissues and organs.

The nature of the materials (food) car-



Get fit with fibre.



ried by the blood stream to the cells, tissues and organs determines the character of the resulting bone, muscle and nerve structure. In other words, our bodies' functions and good health are determined by the kind of food we eat. Quantity and quality alone are not enough; the food ingredients must be in proper balance. Each type of food contains a different grouping of nutritional essentials. Only by combining the proper foods in a proper diet can our health-balance be maintained.

I can't stress strongly enough why it's so important that we do eat the right kind of food. Whole foods are not only health-giving, they have another impor-

tant virtue; they are flavoursome. A whole raw vegetable tastes much better than any product of the most elaborate food processing.

In today's world of fast foods and processed foods we have a greater tendency than any other time in history to take the easy road to food preparation. Sure, it's easy to grab a package of processed food from the supermarket shelf and save time, but when we do this we are cheating ourselves of good nutrition, and we will pay for it in the long run.

Let me give you an example. A car will run on a mixture of half gas and half diesel oil or kerosene; it won't run right, but it will run. With this mixture the car

puts out a blue smoke and goes down the road looking like an old time coal-burning train engine. This mixture of fuel can be compared to the food we eat. Our bodies, like the car, will operate on the wrong kind of fuel, but the car will not operate very long as the wrong mixture of fuel will soon clog up the moving parts of the engine and stop. Just as we go on eating the wrong kinds of food that is not giving our bodies the essential vitamins it needs, we can expect trouble, poor appetite, tired run-down feeling, restless sleep, etc.

A high fibre diet is the key to good health. Grandma called it roughage. She knew that indigestion (which was a com-







#### Why not take the rough with the smooth?

mon complaint in the 1800s) was due to the consuming of foods rich in fats and sweets. Today, there is a growing movement toward the use of 'natural' as opposed to processed foods in the US especially amongst naturists and other health groups who really care for their bodies. The fibrous parts of meat are not considered high dietary fibre. Some of the components of dietary fibre are cellulose, hemicellulose, lignin, and pectin. Pectin is known to you who do home canning as the substance that helps turn some fruit juices into jelly and jams.

Food that is high in fibre are bran, whole grains, green leafy vegetables, turnip, greens, kale, cabbage, etc. And certain fruits and other vegetables. The amount of fibre varies from one kind of plant to another. Take bran for instance.

Bran is almost entirely cellulose; while apples, grapes, and some other fruits are high in pectin.

What is dietary fibre? It is the portion of the plant or other foods we eat that is not broken down by the chemical action in our digestive system. Why is fibre so important to our bodies? The benefits of fibre to the body, according to Dr. Burkitt and Dr. Hugh Trowell, both British fibre advocates, are related to its effect on the consistency and bulk of the stool (faeces) and the time it takes to go through the intestines. Since fibre holds water, stools produced by a high fibre diet tend to be bulkier and softer and pass more quickly and more easily through the intestines. This in turn means less strain and pressure on the bowel and blood vessels.

According to Burkitt and Trowell, as the stool moves quickly through the bowels, bowel tissues are less likely to be exposed to toxins and cancer causing substances which are produced in the intestines to help break down food and then are excreted in stools.

Fibre advocates also believe that fibre diminishes the amount of cholesterol the body absorbs from food and may even alter the amount of cholesterol formed in the liver. Some physicians believe that high levels of cholesterol in the blood contribute to heart disease.

What you eat is your business, but remember it's your body that you are abusing, and it's the only one you'll ever have and what you put into it can make a world of difference to how you feel.



# PUT YOUR BEST FOOT FORWARD

**IDEAS  
FOR  
NATURAL  
LIVING**



Don't just stand there – walk awhile!

**W**HY don't you make daily walks your New Year resolution? Take a good long walk daily, and you'll soon notice an improvement in your breathing, an increased muscular circulation and general well-being.

Next time you intend to take the car, walk instead. You'll notice an improvement in your health and take an active part in the environment.





**Many experts now say that the best way to stay slim and fit is to take some form of aerobic exercise. Walking is ideal – but we're talking about regular brisk walks and not gentle strolls on a Sunday afternoon. Read Reg Moore's reasons why we should step out more often.**



Rhythmic pacing does wonders for the legs and helps the thoughts flow, often more than any type of other exercise. Regular walkers say that they feel so much more contented with their lives.

No doctor's drug prescription can possibly improve on good healthy exercise stimulated by a walk to the nearest green oasis or sea-front. So many of us wake up to the same old chronic cough

or sneeze, not taking any daily exercise – it's a poor way to live. Struggling for air and waking in the night gasping for breath is no way to face the future.

Thousands of folk are daily afflicted by chronic respiratory disease. Bad breathing ranks next to heart trouble as the most crippling problem to business folk during the height of their career.

The paler you are, the more exercise

you need, often not strenuous, and this is where the daily walk instead of the car comes in handy.

The Masai tribe of Central Africa are perhaps the finest walk-tall examples in the modern world. They are warrior tribesmen noted for their eternal wanderings in mountain country, where the weather is far from cool, carrying on a complex tribal pattern from village to



'When I spoke about hot shoes, I meant the ones on your feet, not on your camera!'





village on foot.

They walk five miles an hour without any effort and avoid all diet items leading to high blood pressure. There is no 'salt' in their language and they consider smoking to be an affront to their dignity and a danger to their health.

Walking is not the same as strolling for exercise and can be a pace between a jaunt and a jog. Some walkers stride it out pretty briskly at three miles an hour for short intervals during a week in order to gain more ground, improve their health and aid exercise.

Beginners should gradually build up their walking pace and increase time and distance as days go by, if setting out with a mission or a purpose beyond the mere stroll down to the newsagents. Soon they will forget that they are merely taking exercise as some sort of medicine and enjoy walking for its own sake, basking in the surrounding landscape en route.

Walking is the key to controlling heart disease and is always the initial exercise for cardiac patients in hospital. The average person, with sound heart and lungs, should make use of all available spare time in this cheapest mode of travel and way of life.

Other forms of exercise, such as tennis, swimming, squash and golf, are sound enough for the competitive athlete, but not always practical and sometimes too strenuous in the daily round, although golfers have plenty of space to use up during their eighteen-hole stint.

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**'Any form of moderate exercise is good for you and a few early morning strolls can be increased daily according to need.'**

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Slow weakening hearts are always far more of a problem to smokers than non-smokers. Most of the afflicted would benefit their lives by walking a little further and driving a little less each day. Physical activity needs to be integrated into every aspect of our daily lives. Even without breathing problems there is always need for some sort of small exercise each day.

The relationship of inactivity to heart disease and obesity has never been more pronounced than nowadays. Maturity diabetes can sometimes result in part from a sedentary existence.

Any form of moderate exercise is good for you and a few early morning strolls can be increased daily according to need. An hour or more of walking a day is ideal, as moderate exercise is important in obtaining and maintaining sound body weight.

The middle-aged, in particular, need the most exercise, especially those addicted to driving, large cities and comfortable armchairs. The most valuable function for them is walking to develop collateral or secondary blood vessels growth, which can take over and carry blood through to the vital organs whenever major vessels are suddenly closed or blocked.





'Stepping out' is a  
sure way to stay slim.



Limbering-up exercises, co-ordinating muscles and gentle strolling is always sound for beginners on the road. Exercise thereafter considerably increases work of the heart and strengthens it. The intensity need not approach maximum energy expenditure. Those with constant physical labour should avoid hardening or clogging the arteries.

Steady walking for exercise can give you a new lease of life. A large amount of muscles need constant daily use and the larger the muscle mass involved the greater the response of the heart. Running, rowing and swimming involve using larger muscles and aids circulation.

Most people prefer the comfort of sitting to moving about under their own

steam, but the habitual stroller or long-distance walker experiences pleasant involvement with nature in his outdoor exercise. The healthy walker is a far cry from the weak-in-the-leg excessive driver, who has lost the ability or inclination to walk with the ground under his feet.

Walkers have the advantage of sound circulation, but the sedentary driver can ruin his health to the point where fat clogs his arteries. The regular exerciser speeds up his circulation, strengthens his blood vessels and gives the fat in his bloodstream far less chance to settle in the walls of his arteries. Regular walkers can eat great quantities of high-fat foods without harming their systems. They also have far less fear of hypertension, having kept their arteries and circulation

in sound working condition.

The heart, as with any muscle, gets stronger when exercised. Regular walking decreases any chance of a heart attack. The key to longevity is in training the heart to carry its own load. Conditioning the heart is one of the most important aspects of taking daily exercise.

Fatigue can also soon disappear with constant exercise. Sound walking habits can aid the mind and help you to tackle any mental problems in life. Those in good condition from regular jaunts usually sleep well, seldom feel tired, and recover quicker than most non-walkers of the same age bracket. They might also discover the joys of the open road, the green of the countryside and the value of walking in the daily round.

So why not step out now?



Three miles a day keeps the fat away.





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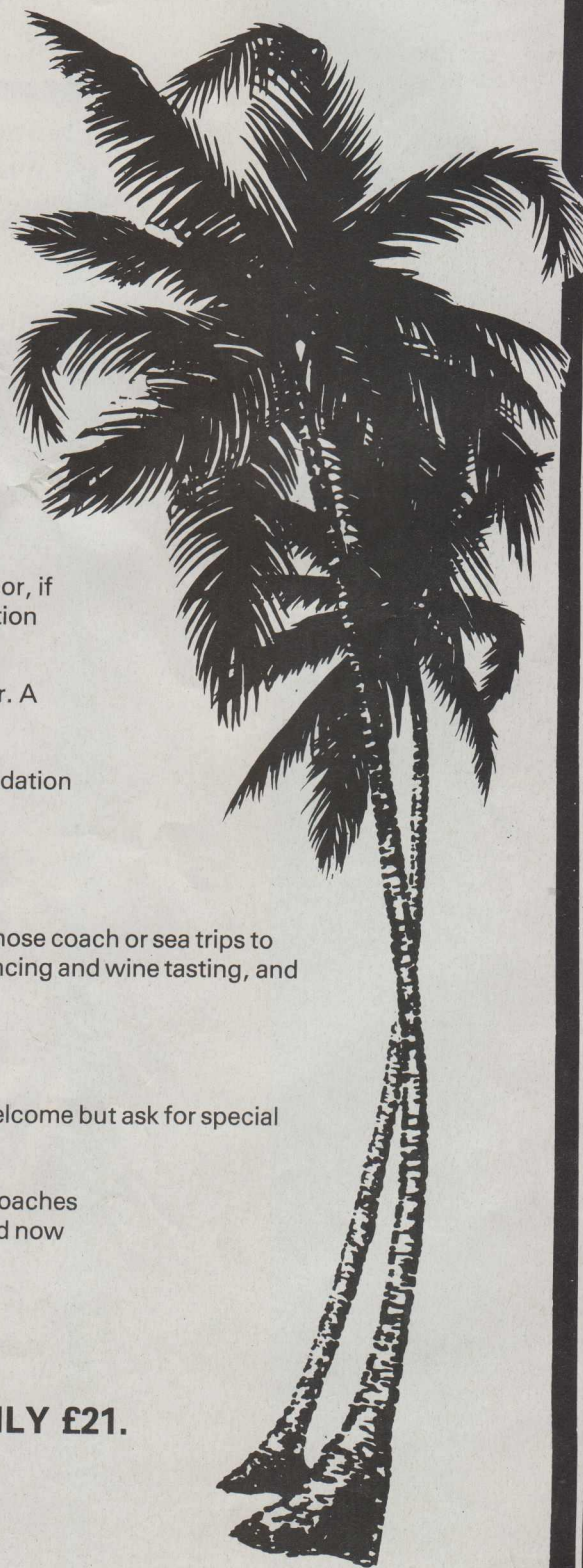
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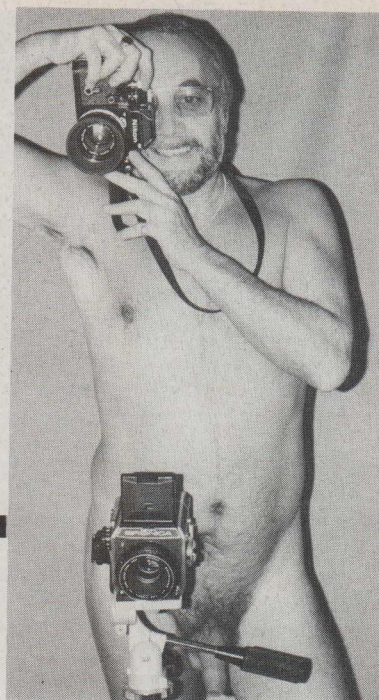
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the modern woman.



# YOUR CAMERA and EYE

## HINTS FOR BETTER PHOTOGRAPHY

***Buying a new camera? Where should you start? What should you look for? Mike Herring says you should firstly decide what type of photography you want to do. He splits it up into types and advises us about lenses, filters, and lots more.***



**P**HOTOGRAPHY can be an expensive hobby, so you should be quite selective in the equipment you purchase. Starting with the camera — what type? There are so many on the market and every year the manufacturers seem to add another refinement to tempt us to exchange old for new.

To help you select the right one I have listed a few important facts which I think you should consider; so once you have decided what type of pictures you are going to take in the main, then the easier the choice becomes.

1. Travel, views, landscapes
2. Action shots
3. Portraits and nude studies
4. Happy snaps only
5. Creative

One important question you have to ask yourself even before you have checked the list above is . . . how much money do you have available to invest in your camera?

### Travel and views

You must think about the amount of treatment your camera is going to have to stand up to, as you are obviously the type that wants to throw a camera over your shoulder in search of your location, over rocks, up hill, down dale. Tough work — tough camera.

The most suitable camera for this treatment should have a sturdy body, more metal than plastic. You will also be using more than one lens, so you must consider the wear this is going to give your camera.



**The lens hood is very important to protect the rays of light reflecting into the lens.**

I am not going to suggest any particular make, but a good guide is to test the weight. If it feels firm and solid, you are on the right track.

### Action shots

This camera can be similar to the one I have just men-

tioned as long as it has fast shutter speeds of at least 1,000th of a second or, better still, 2,000th of a second.

Make sure you choose one with an easy action wind-on, one that you can get your thumb behind easily without having to look away from your viewfinder as you could miss

all the action you have set out to take.

Some makes of cameras have the facility of a motor drive attachment which takes several frames in rapid fire, but this does tend to eat up the film. Make sure you buy the right lens for the job.

### Portrait and nude studies

If you can afford the price then a 2 1/4 square camera is well worth the investment. These cameras are rather large and tend to restrict you to this type of photography, plus the fact that you must have an extra sturdy tripod as well.

However, a 35mm camera is quite ideal for this type of work, and you don't have to buy such a sturdy camera body as this will mainly be used on a tripod, and the range of lenses required can be kept to a minimum.

Focusing and pin sharp images are essential, so you should select a camera which has a good clear viewfinder and enables you to focus well.

Another important attachment is a shutter release cable which threads into your camera so that you can focus on your subject and press the release cable button without camera movement.

### Happy snaps

With this type of photography the choice is wide open, from the light instamatic to the 35mm fully automatic. Don't forget, with happy snaps it is also important to have either an inbuilt flash or a flash attachment for pictures



taken indoors – watch out for those shadows.

### **Creative**

You can't be very creative with an instamatic camera, so I will talk about the use of 35mm cameras, lenses and filters.

#### *(a) Lens hood*

Very important in bright weather or when using lamps indoors. This hood helps protect the rays of light reflecting into the lens.

#### *(b) Filters*

If the sunlight is bright then you would do well to invest in a UV filter. This cuts down the rays giving the film in your camera a better chance to record natural colours.

There is a system on the market, 'Cokin', which just screws on to the thread of your lens. With this system you can insert various coloured filters or soft focus and

creative alike, to help create that extra effect or mood.

I hope you will see the importance of working out what type of photography you are most likely to be involved with. Once you have done the thinking, you will then find the saving in not buying equipment you are not likely to use. My advice is to buy what is right, and then set out to enjoy your photography.

#### *(c) Lenses*

A lot of talking goes on about the right lens to use. Once again you can overdo the range of lenses that you really require. The most common lens used is the 50mm or standard lens.

All the shots taken in this article have been with this lens, but just to show what happens when a 135mm is used I have taken my subject from a distance of about 20 feet away.

First, by using a 50mm I

stand very little chance of controlling the background or the foreground as the lens is at its maximum range. If I move in closer, say less than half the distance, then I can control the situation. I can have my subject sharp and throw the background out of focus. This is done by the F stop I am using. As this has been at F4 the lens does not see the background so clearly, but if I had taken the same shot at F11 the background would be much sharper.

You can see the difference the two types of lenses make when taking photographs; for close ups the 50mm is fine, but for distance then the 135mm is the better one to use, and so it goes on up the scale.

When you buy your camera you will be offered a 50mm lens along with it. This lens will cope with most of your photography. If you need to take more long distant shots

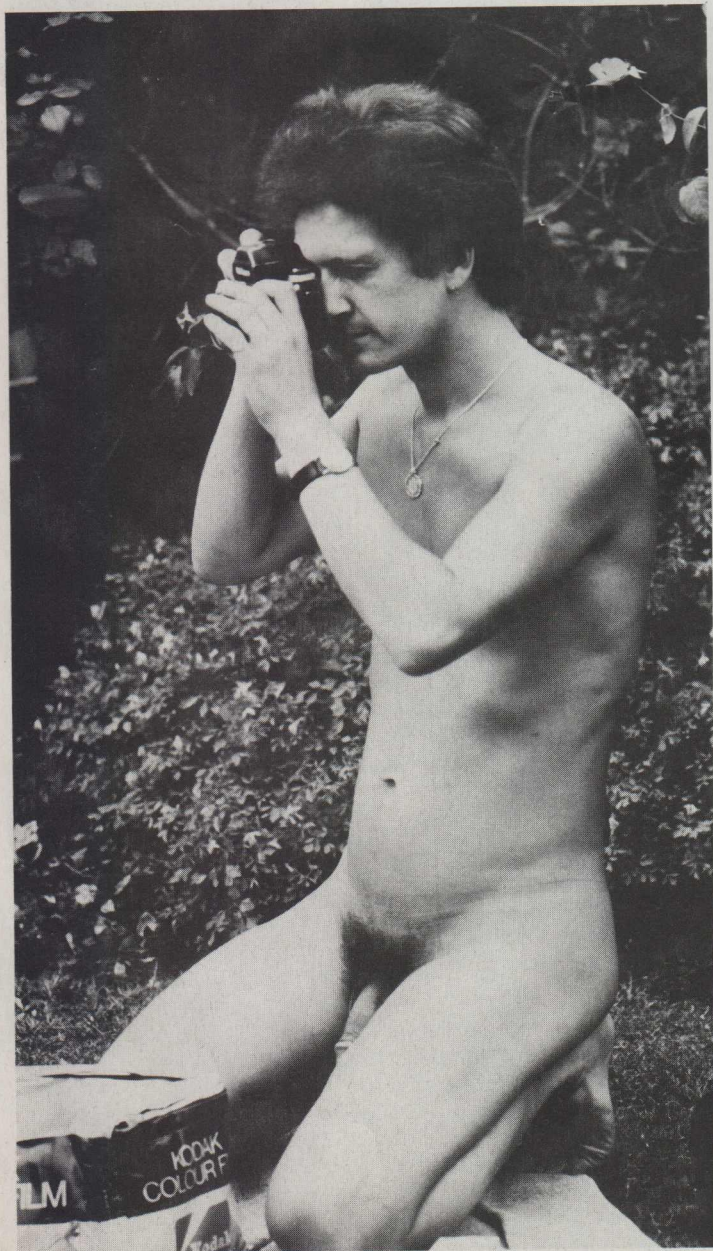
the best way to find the best lens for the job is by taking your camera to your local camera shop and ask to try out a few on your own camera.

Test this for long distance which may mean going outside the shop to focus on a building in the distance, not something that is moving. You may not be too popular with the shop, but you are spending your money and so that is the least they could do to help you make up your mind.

If you do test your lens this way you won't have far to go for advice, as you should find this expert standing at your side.

Good luck in your search for new equipment – choose well.

If you need any photographic advice, write to Mike Herring, H & E, 23/24 Smithfield Street, London EC1. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

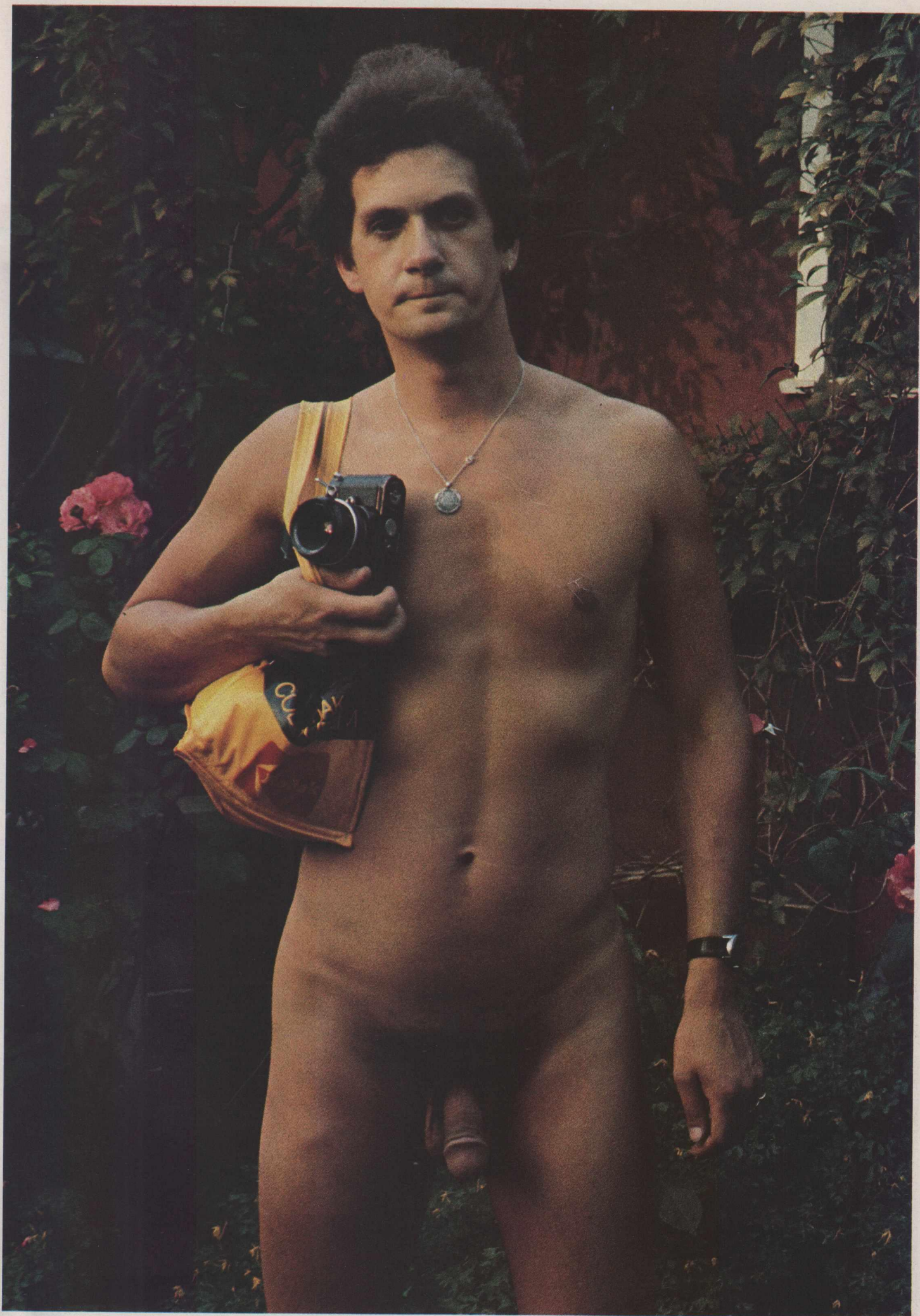


Here we used a 135mm lens – also taken from a distance of 20 ft.



This was taken with a 50mm lens from a distance of 20 ft.





Our subject was 20 ft. away – and we used a 135mm lens.



# IT'S ON THE GRAPEVINE

**W**E are mainly concerned with the physical benefits when we discuss naturism, and food and drink, in the same breath. The truth probably is that most of us discovered naturism for ourselves, rather than inherited the tradition from a parent. But we do get most of our eating habits from our ancestors and, once conditioned, are disinclined to change.

But there is a contradiction here. On the other hand we have two lungs full of clean seaside or country air, a free and easy lifestyle and an even, healthy, all-over sun tan. On the other we have a large portion of fish and chips accompanied by six rounds of thickly buttered bread and swilled down with six pints of bitter. The two don't sort of 'get together', if you see what I mean?

Lest there be any doubt, I'm not talking about slimming now. Nor about gaining weight. It's just that anyone who has liberated his mind enough to practice naturism might as well liberate his innards from the tyranny of traditional diets as well. And we'll start by having a look at wine.

Wine is nothing more than fermented grape juice but there are thousands of different varieties depending on the history of the grapes and the method of fermentation. Naturists generally know a bit more than most people about wine because in following the sun we are at least exposed to the wines of different countries, even if Britons raised on beer or Belgians raised on lager are rather reluctant to try them.

This is in turn because hot countries, such as France, Spain, Portugal, South Africa, Australia, Eastern USA and Italy, have both the sun which naturists seek plus the correct climate for cultivating the vines on which wine depends. It's not quite as simple as that, though. Rainfall and soil conditions must be correct as well.

It is in this way that India, with desperate extremes of climate and soil conditions anywhere between desert and lush pasture, is not best known as a wine producer. And even this is ignoring political considerations since Muslims are forbidden to drink alcohol. On the other hand, Britain has a small but growing wine industry because – though we seldom get ideal sun – we do at least have a predictable rainfall and plenty of soils ideal for viniculture.

A 'good year' for a wine is one in which vine growing conditions were perfect. A bad year is one in which they

were lousy. Experts tend to give years a rating from '1' to '7' in which a '7' means a perfect year, producing the best wine of its kind for that country. A '1' means that conditions were deplorable and the wine is barely fit to drink. 1976 was the last '7' year.

There are other considerations but in the main, viniculturalists want the grapes to be as rich as possible in fermentable sugars at the time of harvesting. This leads to a wine which is high in alcohol, strong in 'body', rich in aromatic congeners which give the wine its bouquet and having the strongest possible 'character'. By this I mean that the rich grapes will have absorbed the maximum of those trace elements in the soil, wind and rain which give wine a unique style. Perhaps quite different from that produced in a Château only a few kilometres away.

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**'Serious vegetarians should never go near wine since animal products feature strongly at every stage of production from manuring of the vines to the animal bone glue used to stick on the labels.'**

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We now know that several of these trace elements have health-giving properties. The best known example is iron but wines are also known to contain cobalt and chromium, trace metals which have a vital rôle in human physiology. Cobalt is a constituent of vitamin B<sub>12</sub> whilst trace chromium is now thought to help minimise the risk of heart disease. And, of course, the therapeutic effects of 'a drop of what you fancy' have been empirically recognised for centuries.

As with all foodstuffs, it has to be admitted that wine, too, has its opponents. Those who pretend to take vegetarianism seriously, for instance, should never go near wine since animal products feature strongly at every stage of production from manuring of the vines to the animal bone glue used to stick on the labels.

Certain religious faiths forbid the consumption of alcohol and though some wine-like grape juices are available which are to all intents and purposes free of alcohol, one can query whether or not these preparations fulfil the spirit as well as the letter of the religious laws.

Then there is the problem of alcohol-





Why are so many naturists experts on wine? Why should true vegetarians steer clear of it? Can regular wine-drinking lead to alcoholism? Michael Walsh discusses the winning ways of wine and tells us what's in it for us, in the first of a three-part series on wine drinking in Europe.



**IDEAS  
FOR  
NATURAL  
LIVING**







Ready for a quick swig?

ism, affecting about 1 person in 50 in the UK. The position is even worse in France where inexpensive wine is a feature at every meal barring breakfast. Alcoholic's diseases such as cirrhosis of the liver, chronic nephritis and delirium tremens are much more common in France than in relatively abstemious Scandinavian countries.

It used to be thought that the risk of alcoholism was related to the establishment of a tolerance to drink; that the person who averaged a couple of bottles a week was at less risk than the person who drank the same amount every day. Whilst partly true, this is now known to be less than the full story. Cases have been found of people with little or no dependence following many years of heavy wine drinking. Others have been found of people—generally very young—becoming seriously ill following minimal exposure to wine.

Even so, having pulled no punches about the snags, more than 95% of us can only gain a little more pleasure from life by cultivating an interest in wine. And globe-trotting sun-seekers are in a better position than most to do so. This is because, at least for a couple of weeks each year, we are in a hot, sunny country which will very probably have a strong, local wine-producing tradition.

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**'Naturists are in the best position to appreciate and assimilate wine's health-giving properties, as we are likely to travel to its production area in the normal course of events.'**

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That is, we can buy and try wine on its own ground. The advantages of drinking wine on its own ground are enormous relative to anywhere else you might open the bottle. The most significant difference is in the price. An average table wine in France costs about F2.60, call it 22p in Sterling. Even good wine is only F4.80 . . . around 40p Sterling . . . whilst anything over about F12 per bottle, or £1 in UK money, should be rather special.

Transportation costs, profit taking and immense UK duty levels tend to make even the cheapest wines seem like a luxury product between leaving France and arriving in England. There are exceptions but at the time of writing it is generally necessary to pay over £2 per bottle for even the cheapest wine of character. Call it £4 for a nice wine of a good year. Double either figure if the wine is bought in a restaurant.

Much the same is true of German wine bought in the USA and especially of Italian wine bought in France. Once the wine gets off its home ground, up zooms the price. So in short, naturists score several times where an appreciation of wine is desired. We are in the best position to appreciate and assimilate wine's health-giving properties. We are unlikely to travel to its production area in the normal course of events and we can then import several bottles of our favourite back home, free of duty.





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**BRITAIN**  
National Organisation: **Central Council for British Naturism (CCBN)**, Assurance House, 35-41 Hazelwood Road, Northampton.  
**CLUBS (CCBN members)**  
**Adventurers Sun Club**, c/o J. D. Ayto, 110 Birling Road, Snodland, Maidstone, Kent.  
**Appollo Sun Club**, c/o 6 Stoke Manor Close, Seaford, East Sussex BN25 3RE.  
**The Arcadians**, Greenglades, Blind Lane, Billericay, Essex.  
**Aztecs Recreational and Sun Club**, Aztec Sun Park, Crawley, West Sussex.  
**Badgerwood, Berkshire Sun and Leisure Club**, Freepost, Bracknell RG12 1BR.  
**Blackthorns Sun Club**, c/o Ian Slater, 47 Rosamund Road, Bedford.  
**Bournemouth and District Outdoor Club and Holiday Centre**, Matchams Drive, Matchams, Ringwood, Hants.  
**Brighton Sun Club**, Hamshaw, Sloop Lane, Scaynes Hill, Haywards Heath, West Sussex.  
**Bristol Solarians**, Tara, Mapleridge Road, Chipping Sodbury, Bristol.  
**Broadland Sun Association Ltd.**, Brickle Road, Upper Stoke Holy Cross, Norwich.  
**Charnwood Acres Country Club**, Markfield Road, Ratby, Leicester.  
**Far West Sun Club**, c/o Dracaena, Sticker, St. Austell, Cornwall.

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**Gardenia Sun Club**, Lye Lane, Bricket Wood, St. Albans, Herts.  
**Greenacres Club**, Cornsay, Durham.  
**Hastings Sun Club**, Hides, Westfield, Hastings, East Sussex.  
**Invicta Sun Club**, The Firs, Forge Lane, Sutton, Dover, Kent.  
**Lancashire Sun Society**, Hazel Grove, Sandy Lane, Rufford, Ormskirk, Lancs.

**Leicester Sun Group**, c/o 8 Redruth Close, Coventry.

**Liverpool Sun and Air Society**, c/o Lillian White, 43 Lyttleton Road, Aigburth, Liverpool L17 0AT.

**London Health and Sauna Club**, Seymour Hall, Seymour Place, London W1.

**Manchester Sun and Air Society**, c/o 18 Geneva Drive, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffordshire.

**New Forest Outdoor Club**, North Lodge, Hurn Road, Ringwood, Hants.

**Noah's Ark Sun Club**, Freepost, Chertsey, Surrey KT16 8BR.

**Pendle Sun Club**, c/o Keith Mackley, 17 Raynham Crescent, Blackhill, Keighley, West Yorks.

**Ribble Valley Sun Club**, Briarwood, Ribchester Road, Clayton-le-Dale, Blackburn, Lancs.

**Scottish Outdoor Club**, 'Eilstree', Inchmurrin Island, Balmaha, Glasgow G63 0JY.

**Sheplegh Court Naturist Hotel**, Blackawton, Totnes, Devon.

**South Hants Sun Society**, Stockers, North Boarhunt, Fareham, Hants.

**South Yorkshire Sun Club**, 'Gallimaufry', Treswell Road, South Leverton, Nr Retford, Notts DN22 0BP.

**Springwood Sun Club**, Cooks Hall Road, West Berholt, Colchester, Essex.

**Surrey Downs Club**, Membership Secretary, P.O. Box 281, London SE27 9QG.

**Valerian Sun Club**, c/o 'Lingwood', 33 Atherley Road, Shanklin, I.O.W.

**White Rose Club**, Flaxton, York.

**Woodlands Club**, Fillongley, Coventry, West Midlands.

**Wrekin View Naturist Club**, Crin Cottage, Kenston, Market Drayton, Salop.

**Yorkshire Sun Society**, c/o 50 Wareham Close, Bransholme, Hull HU7 6AY.

**RECREATIONAL CHARITY**  
**Naturist Foundation**, Naturist Headquarters, Orpington BR5 4ET. Orpington 71200.

**Branches (enjoy use of Naturist Foundation Grounds):**  
Bexley Sun Society  
Bromley Sun Society  
Croydon Sun Society  
North London Sun Society  
South London Sun Society

**OTHER CLUBS**  
**Chester Naturist Club**, c/o 31 Market Street, Hoylake, Wirral, Merseyside.

**Eureka Club**, Mark Wilson, 50 Marling Way, Gravesend, Kent.

**Fiveacres Country Club**, Bricket Wood, St. Albans.

**Lincolnshire Group of Sun Clubs**, Bill Holesworth, 222 Sandringham Road, Cleethorpes. 0472 699721 (includes East Coast Naturist Club, The Lincolnshire Poachers, Victoria Sun Beach Club and The Lincoln Imps).

**North Devon Club**, Beaworthy, Devonshire.

**Sunfolk Society**, c/o 10 Pomfret Avenue, Hart Hill, Luton, Beds LU2 0JL.

**The Old Smithy**, Penyfeidr, Llandeloy, Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire.

**Torbay Sun Club**, Avian Nook, 7 Wellesley Road, Torquay, Devon.

**OFFICIAL BEACHES**  
**Ardeer Beach**, Ayrshire, Scotland. About one mile south of the town's main beach, separated by a promontory.

**Cleats Shore**, Lagg, Isle of Arran, Scotland. At the southernmost tip of the island.

**Fraisthorpe Sands**, Bridlington, Yorkshire. Two miles south of main town beach.

**Gunton Sands**, Lowestoft, Suffolk. One mile north of Lowestoft, off B1385.

**Leysdown East Beach**, Isle of Sheppey, Kent. Half a mile to the east of the town.



# DIRECTORY

**Under each country comes the address of their National Organisation. Send stamps or international reply coupon to them for further information on clubs not listed in this directory.**

**Please note that the addresses listed are often those to write to for information, rather than the address of the grounds. Many of the larger naturist resorts are signposted from their nearest town, especially in Yugoslavia.**

**Long Rock Beach, Swalecliffe, Whitstable, Kent.** Behind the recreation ground, a mile east of the main town beach.

**Fairlight Cove, Hastings, Sussex.** A good mile's walk to the east of Hastings.

**Brighton, East Beach, Sussex.** A short distance to the east of the main town promenade.

**Polgaver Beach, St Austell, Cornwall.** At east end of Carlyon Bay.

## CANADA

**National Organisation: The Western Canadian Sunbathing Association, P.O. Box 1113, Calgary, Alberta T2P 2K9.**

**Toronto Helios Society, RR1 Sharon, Ontario.** Tel: (416) 473-2462.

## DENMARK

**National Organisation: Dansk Naturist Union (DNU), c/o Ella Pihl, Fuglebakkevej 103, DK-2200 Copenhagen N, Denmark.**

## FRANCE

**National Organisation: Federation Française de Naturisme (FFN), 4 Avenue du Coq, 75009 Paris.**

There are so many clubs in France (details from the above) that we are just listing the naturist holiday centres.

**Koad-ar-Roche, 56820 Neant-sur-Yvel.**  
**La Herpinierie, 49730 Montsoreau.**  
**Creuse Nature, Le Cheix, 23600 Boussac-Bourg.**

**Centre Helio-Marin, 33930 Montalivet.**  
**Camp Naturist de Grayan, Euronat, Grayan l'Hopital 33590.**

**Club Quercy-Agenais Naturiste, Rene Point, La Tuque, Belaye, 56140 Luzech.**  
**Centre Naturiste de Devese, Bernard Lautier, 32380 St. Clar.**

**Centre Naturiste de Montagne, 'Les Clapières,' 05100 Briançon.**  
**Alpes et Soleil, 38650 Sinard.**

**Domaine Naturiste International 'La Romegas,' Mnt Schillemans, 26170 Buisles-Baronnies.**

**Le Haut Chandelalar, Y. and P. Boisgontier, 06850 Briançonnet, St. Auban.**

**Club du Soleil de Nice-Levens, La Gorghetta, 06720 Levens.**  
**Centre de Vacances de la Haute-Garduiere, 83830 Callas.**

**Domaine Naturiste de Belezay, 84410 Bedoin.**

**Plage des Templiers, M. Jacques Guerrier, B.P. 22 Saint Ferreol, 07700 Bourg-Saint-Andeol.**

**Relais de la Conche, Claude et Jeannine Benetot, Saint Montan, 07220 Viviers.**  
**Le Ran du Chabrier, Mme Metge, B.P. no. 1, 30430 Barjac.**

**Ran du Chateau de Ferreyrolles, 7 rue de la Republique, 30100 Ales.**

**La Genese, Mejanne-le-Clap, 30710 Saint-Jean-de-Maruejols.**

**Les Bois de la Sabliere, St. Privat-de-Champelos, 30430 Barjac.**

**Centre Helio-Marin, 34300 Agde.**  
**Gymno-club Mediterranee, Serignan Nature, 34410 Serignan.**

**Village du Bose, Octon, 34800 Clermont-l'Herauld.**

**Camping Saint Pierre, 34150 Gignac.**  
**Centre Naturiste de Vacances, Le Fiscalou, Puyecel 81140, Castelnau de Montmiral.**

**Centre Helio-Marin, 'La Grande Cosse,' Cabanes de Fleury, 11560 Fleury d'Aude.**

**Village Ulysse, Port Leucate, 11370.**  
**Village Aphrodite, Port Leucate 11370.**

**Le Clapotis, 11480 La Palme.**

**Club du Soleil de Perpignan, Dominique Martinez, 'Le Ventous,' 66150 Arles-sur-Tech.**

**Village Naturiste de Serralongue, 66230 Prats-de-Mollo.**

**Nature et Humanisme, Association liberale de couples naturistes maries, BP 58.10102, Romilly-sur-Seine, France.**

## IN CORSICA:

**Au Moulin et la Cascade Corse, B.P. 36, 20210 Porto-Vecchio.**

**La Bagheera, Anga Filippi, La Bagheera, La Guistiniana, 20230 San Nicolao Pietra-Di-Verde.**

**Le Moulin, 20210 Port-Vecchio.**

## GERMANY

**National Organisation: Deutscher Verband für Freikörperkultur e.V. (DFK), Königstrasse 22, D-3000 Hannover 1.**

We have listed only the larger sites - with room for 100 or more tents/caravans. For further details please write to the DFK, as above.

## CLUBS

**Familienferienzeltplatz Amrum, 2278 Wittün/Amrum.**

**Strand Camping Wallnau, 2000 Hamburg 63, Overn Barg 19.**

**Liga für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. (DFK), 23 Kiel 1, Postfach 3112.**

**Eurocamping Zedano, Reinhold Reshöft, 2435 Dahme Nord.**

**Bund für naturnahe Lebensgestaltung Bremen e.V. (DFK), 2800 Bremen 1, Postfach 106845.**

**Naturistenbund Wilhelmshaven-Friesland e.V. (DFK), D-2940 Wilhelmshaven 1, Postfach 907.**

**Sun, Lüneburger Heide e.V. (DFK), D-2120 Lüneburg, Postfach 2641.**

**Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. Hanover (DFK), D-3000 Hannover, Yorkstrasse 7.**

**Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. (DFK), 33 Braunschweig, Postfach 1812.**

**Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung Hildesheim e.V. (DFK), D-3200 Hildesheim, Postfach 492.**

**Liga für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. (DFK), D-4800 Bielefeld 1, Postfach 5501.**

**Naturistenbund Rheyt e.V. (DFK), Zedernstrasse 19, D-4050 Mönchengladbach.**

**Orplid. Bund für Freikörperkultur und Familiensport e.V. Darmstadt (DFK), D-6100 Darmstadt-Arheilgen, Weierstädter Strasse 150, Postfach 110861.**

**Naturistenbund Trier e.V. (DFK), Christophstrasse 7, D-5500 Trier.**

**Lichtbund Saar e.V. Saarbrücken (DFK), Postfach 973, D-6600 Saarbrücken.**

**FKK-Familiensportbund Heilbronn e.V. (DFK), 71 Heilbronn Böckingen, Postfach 51.**

**Lichtbund Karlsruhe e.V. (DFK), D-7500 Karlsruhe 1, Postfach 4103.**

**Naturisportbund Schwäbischer Wald e.V. (DFK), D-7157 Murrhardt-Kirchenkirchberg-Feriengelande Schörrain.**

**Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung Stuttgart e.V. (DFK), D-7000 Stuttgart 1, Postfach 66.**

**Bfl Sonnland e.V. (DFK), 78 Freiburg, Dreikönigsstrasse 1.**

**Drei-Länder-Eck, Postfach 105, D-7808 Waldkirch.**

**Verein der Saunafrunde e.V. (DFK), D-1000 Berlin 19, Rognitzstrasse 8.**

## HOLLAND

**National Organisation: Nederlandse Federatie van Naturistenverenigingen (NFN), Postbus 564, 25021 CN Den Haag.**

## IRELAND

There is a naturist group in Belfast, Northern Ireland, and another in Dublin, Irish Republic.

For details write to Irish Naturist Association, P.O. Box 1077, Churchtown, Dublin 14.

**Club Aquarius, c/o 74 Patrick Street, Dun Laoghaire, Dublin.**

## ITALY

Two National Associations in Italy. They are:

**Associazione Naturista Italiana (ANITA), Via N. Bixio, 32, I-20129 Milano.**  
**Unione Naturisti Italiani (UNI), Castella Postale 185, I-10100 Torino.**

## NEW ZEALAND

**National Organisation: New Zealand Nudist Federation, Inc. (NZNF), P.O. Box 1359, Wellington, New Zealand.**

## NORWAY

**National Organisation: Norsk Naturistforbund (NNF), Postboks 189 - Sentrum, Oslo 1.**

## PORTUGAL

**National Organisation: Federacao Portuguesa de Naturismo, Praca de Sao Bento 31, Lisboa 2.**

## SPAIN

**National Organisation: Federacion Espanola de Naturismo, Castel del Rey 99, Apartado 301, Almeria.**

**Club Catala de Naturisme, c/ Diputacio 239, 2n pis, Barcelona (7).**

## SWEDEN

**National Organisation: Sveriges Naturist Förbund (SNF), Box 4279, S-20314.**

## SWITZERLAND

**National Organisation: Schweizer Naturisten-Föderation/Fédération Suisse de Naturisme (SNF/FSN), Postfach 41, CH-8152, Glattpfug (ZH).**

## USA

**Two National Organisations:**  
**American Sunbathing Association, Inc., 810 North Mills Avenue, Orlando/Florida 32803. Tel. (305) 896-8141.**  
**National Nudist Council, R.B.2 Tippecanoe, Ohio 44699, USA.**

## FREE BEACHES OF EUROPE

'Free Sun Europe' lists 900 recommended beaches. Mail order from author Phil Vallack, 16 Viewbank, Hastings, Sussex TN35 5HB. Post free: UK - £6, Europe - £7, USA - £8.

## FREE PUBLICITY

We are prepared to give your club an illustrated feature in this magazine provided you have reasonable grounds and some facilities to offer future members and/or visitors.

But we do want to photograph your grounds with some members present. We feel that ideally, young couples, perhaps with children, give the best picture of club life.

If you are interested, write now to the Editor, Health & Efficiency, 23/24 Smithfield Street, London E.C.1.



Of course, some people prefer to travel further afield.

**Young boy, 29 years old, single, naturist, good looking, wants girl, naturist, any age, for friendship, holidays, correspondence, etc., etc. Write with photo to: Carlos Leijao Garcia, Avenida Joao XXI 16, 5D TO, Lisbon 1000, Portugal.**

**Lady Photographer has Photographs Natural Attractive women, Girls Nudes £2, Young Beauty £2 Older woman £2 Buxom Girls £2 Miss Q Maxzine P.O.Box 2, Dereham, Norfolk.**



# DOWN THE RIVER OF NO RETURN

**I**N August, 1805, the American explorers Captain William Clark and Lieutenant Meriweather Lewis reached a point on the Salmon River where they could proceed no further. Sent westward by President Thomas Jefferson to find a route to the Pacific Ocean through the recent Louisiana Purchase, they had headed west from the frontier town of St. Louis across plains peopled only by warlike Indians and into the Rocky Mountains.

Following the Salmon, they were turned back by wild water and sheer canyon walls. 'The River of No Return', the Indians called this long stretch heading west through the mountains in its deep canyon.

Only recently have men been running down this wilderness section by raft, kayak, or dory, and been able to return by flat-bottomed, jet-powered boat.

Three years ago the first organised clothing-optional float trip went down the Middle Fork of the Salmon, to be repeated two years ago, with a trip last year down the main Salmon.

The Middle Fork is run from Boundary Creek, just below impassable Dagger Falls, by groups assembling in Stanley, Idaho, in beautiful Sawtooth Basin, with the rugged, snow-capped Sawtooth Mountains looming on the western horizon; groups heading up in the town of Salmon usually fly in by light plane to Indian Creek, thirty miles downstream from Boundary Creek.

The US Forest Service licenses the outfitters (as well as issuing permits to a smaller number of experienced private parties) and controls the numbers of people on the river as well as where they camp, since this is a wilderness area. Rarely are you floating close to someone else on this crystal-clear mountain river.

The crew ease our rafts down the steep ramp at Boundary Creek; we load up, and plunge almost at once into white water. A few miles down we reach a placid stretch and off come our clothes, scanty as those already were, and we loll back in the sun, listening to the gurgle of the water. We go ashore to soak in Sheepeater Hot Spring, named for an

Indian tribe. The next day we pass the dirt air strip at Indian Creek, where we see a fly-in group loading their rafts. People doff their clothes again, to be joined by the young woman guide rowing one of the rafts, Mary; interestingly, the male guides don't do the same until the next day.

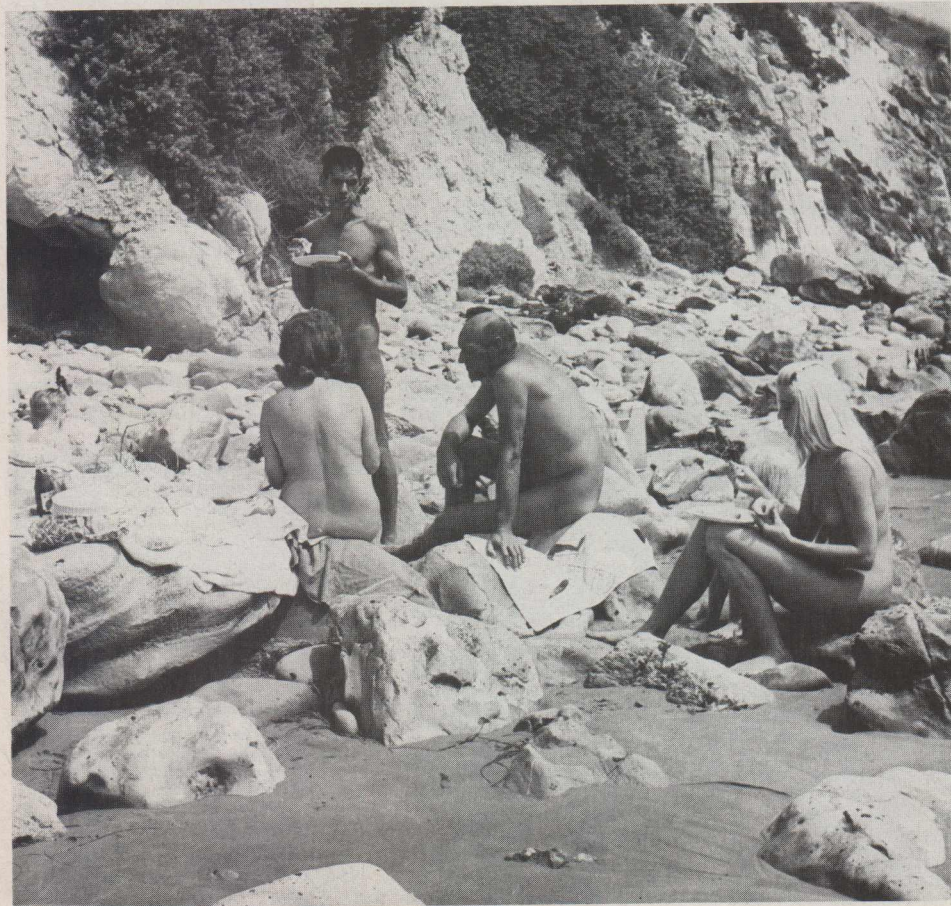
Sunflower Shower, a little hot waterfall, comes cascading down a cliff, and Mary leads us in to take a shower. And so the days, six of them, go by, with us plunging through foaming rapids, lazing nude down long placid reaches, swimming in the bracing river, soaking in the hot springs (six of them), and playing volleyball on sandy beaches. If you're a nature lover you may see bald and gold eagles, hawks, falcons, the charming little dipper bird, otter, mink, mountain sheep, black bear, elk, and deer. You can fish for trout, too.

There are several favourite camping places. One of them is at Thomas Creek, just past the rustic but posh fly-in Middle Fork Lodge, but across the river. It was a hot spring, Sunflower (not the same as the shower) or Thomas, on a bench above the river with several dammed pools along the shore. Downstream is my and my daughter Sue's favourite, Whitey Cox campground and hot springs. Two hot springs are on a grassy bench above the river, which boasts a superb sandy beach.

A few miles down are the hot springs at Hospital Bar, where the US Army had a field hospital during the Sheepeater War of 1877. There is a great rock for diving here, and a nice pine-strewn flat for camping. And further down on turbulent Loon Creek is a fine deep hot spring with plank sides and wooden benches.

The lower course of the Middle Fork has some nice deep stretches for lying back on your raft and sunning (rafters are usually nut brown by now), and some great beaches like Elk Bar, where President Carter camped in summer 1980. Much of the last twenty-five miles of river, though, are white water; some of the best swooping, plunging, foaming water on the Middle Fork. You're out on the sixth day to a big and tasty picnic lunch at the ramp at Corn Creek, a few miles down on the main river from where the Middle Fork comes in. Then it's back by bus to Salmon or Stanley.

The main Salmon has the deep green colour of the sea. Its rapids are less boulder-choked, less plunging and twisting than those on the Middle Fork, but have big haystack waves. The



A nude picnic at hanging rock?



How would you fancy being a modern-day explorer – taking a raft through long placid reaches and exciting rapids? Stopping to lie on golden sands and watch golden eagles and otters in their natural habitat? See where 19th century American explorers were defeated by wild waters and breathtaking canyons. Rob Martin describes an exciting nudist holiday in Idaho, USA.



A short stop at Sunflower Hot Springs.





Is this beautiful siren waiting for ships?



They're panning for gold at Painter Mine.





Reverting to water fights at Mackay Bar.

beaches are bigger and the water is warmer and much more swimmable. Both rivers are in wilderness or primitive areas, but have some fascinating old homesteads and mines scattered along their courses.

Floaters go into the main Salmon at Cabin Creek at road's end eight miles downstream from Corn Creek, where Middle Fork trips end, and forty miles downstream from Salmon, where main Salmon River trips usually head up.

We went nude at the second bend below the launching ramp. Our crew was made up of local river runners (all men; alas, no lovely Mary this time). They joined us in the buff by that afternoon, and were always easy to spot even from a distance because of their mahogany backs (even browner than the 'California tans' among us) and their white bottoms, soon to be red!

The first night we camped at Lantz Bar, where Debbie and I fished for trout. Even caught a couple. At once next morning we run Big Mallard Rapids. It's an exciting bucking-horse ride. Lots of relaxing floating the next day. About noon we trekked up from the river to an abandoned farm and orchard, Jim Moore's place, which proved not only to be historically interesting but a great place for the camera shutterbugs to photograph some of the comely lady rafters in the weatherbeaten buildings.

At the fine beach at Rhett Creek we camp and play volleyball. The sight of three lovely naked loreleis waving a big blue and gold beach towel with a California auto-licence design proclaiming



'We're just loafing' - on the main Salmon River.





Even the towels are 'meaningful' in California.

'California - 2HOT4U' brings return waves and smiles from clothed rafters floating by.

After lunch at Painter's Mine Bar, Bob, a mining engineer, does some gold panning for us and comes up with a little 'colour'. Debbie and Pat lie on the rafts sunning and camera shutters click again.

Then it's Ludwig Rapids, a whopper, but safe with our skilled boatmen.

Many outfitters will let clients take the oars to the limits of their abilities, and, of course, private parties do their own rowing. At Mackay Bar people on the first raft leap ashore and race up on to the horse bridge to throw water on the following rafts going under. This usually precipitates an all-out water fight, which is welcome on a hot day, after which the rafters walk up to the resort store to buy ice cream. The last night we're at Rabbit Creek, where a mother spruce grouse - 'fool hen', the rivermen call them - clucks with her chicks around our camp on the long beach.

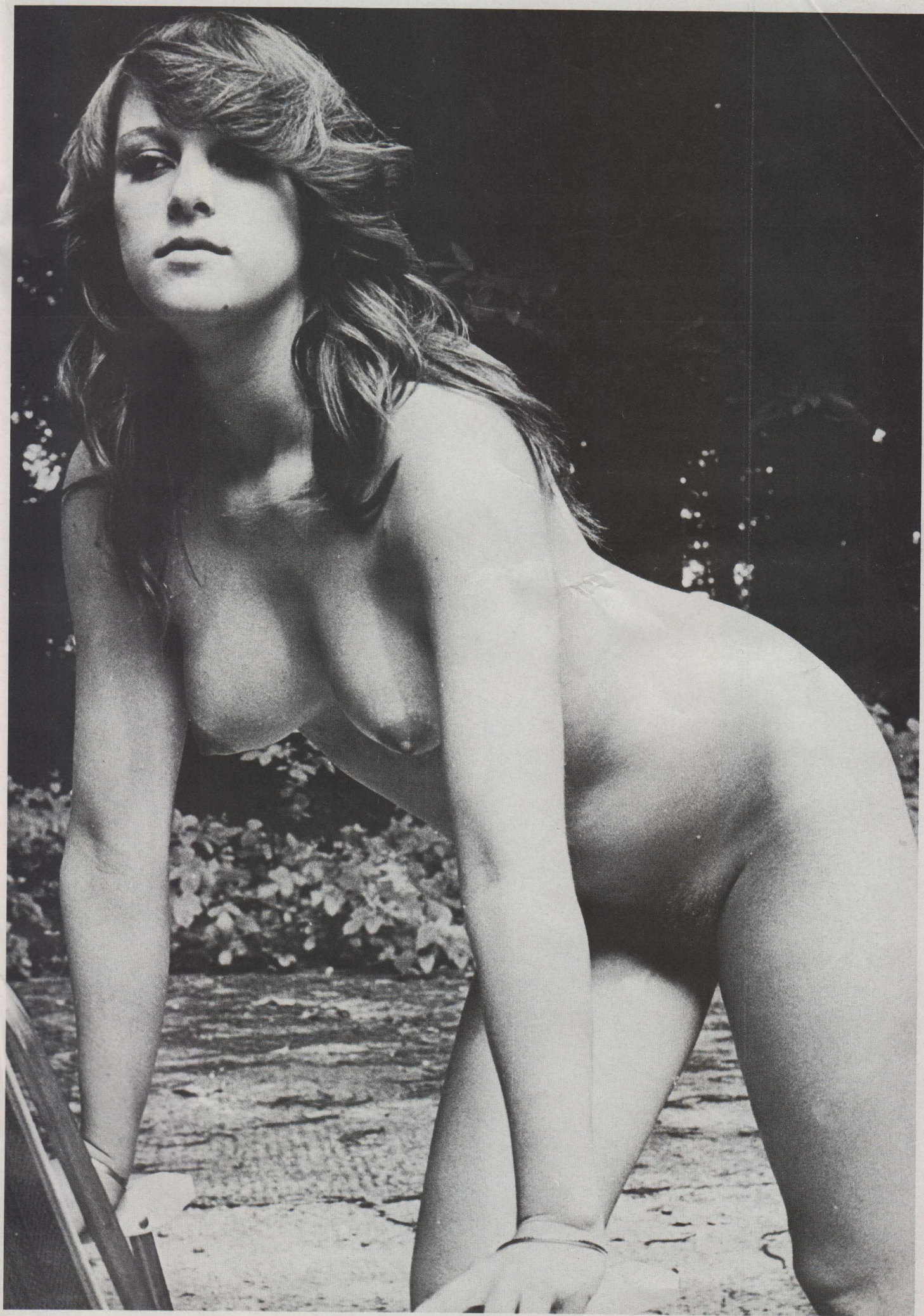
The next morning the jet boats come to pick us up for the seventy-five mile, four-hour ride back upstream to Cabin Creek (some groups go downstream to the town of Riggins to be bussed back). The ride back is exciting, plunging against the rapids. On the smooth reaches the boat leaves a roostertail of spray. It is all over too soon, leaving wonderful memories of new friends, sunny beaches, and white water.

Information on clothing-optional raft trips in the US can be obtained from Riversun, 1920 Venus Drive, Sacramento, CA 95825, or Naturist Travel, PO Box 132, Oshkosh, WI 54902.



A laid-back lady at Painter's Mine Bar.





She's clearly looking forward to her next trip.



# DIET- THE LAST RESORT

*What do you do when you've tried every diet you know, none of them work, and you're still putting on weight? Anita became disillusioned with diets, slimming clubs and the whole weight watching business. So in a fit of despair, she threw out a whole bookshelf of diet books and cleared her cupboard – to replace them with camembert, chocolate and cheesecake. The results were dramatic . . .*

**T**HE worst thing I ever did was go on a diet. It was the fastest way of putting on weight I ever discovered.

Especially bad for me was joining a slimming club. I was persuaded by the adverts to go along. I thought it would be much better with fellow fatties to jog each other along. Moral support were the key words.

On the first day I paid a nominal fee, and was given my diet sheet and an 'ideal' weight to aim for. All was well, and I spent the following week dutifully following the diet sheet and managed to lose a few pounds.

After two weeks, nagging doubts crept in. How could one possibly be a hedonist when lunch consists of three fish fingers, a spoon of frozen peas, a slice of lightweight bread and a quarter-ounce of low fat spread?

And then if you fail, and gain an ounce or two, you must put money into the piggy bank – indeed, you are made to feel the biggest piggy of all.

Then they pass round two pounds of white fat, wrapped in polythene, and you are expected to prod it and feel revulsion in the knowledge that you, too, are carrying all this weight.

The whole idea is to instil guilt in you. It works particularly well on women who are naturally guilty anyway. So you end up feeling guilty and





**IDEAS  
FOR  
NATURAL  
LIVING**





'You don't have to have a figure like  
this to be a model – but it helps.'









miserable. The misery comes from thinking you'll have to watch your weight for the rest of your life. We are told that if we do not resist the cream cakes and chocolate we will be fatties forever more.

And there's nothing more boring than a weight watcher. Have you ever been in a restaurant with someone who beadily eyes up every portion and mentally calculates calories, kilojoules and carbohydrate value? It's enough to give anyone indigestion. And when you're that weight watcher you feel abnormal and know you're being very

boring and tiresome.

You spend your life discussing food – why you shouldn't be eating it, why you must refuse the lettuce leaf offered to you, and then suddenly, in desperation you succumb. By this time, everybody's got used to your chant of 'I musn't – it's not allowed' and they reprimand you severely. But you might as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb, so you go overboard.

Tomorrow becomes the start of the New Diet, and tonight is the last night you'll ever be able to look a chocolate bar in the face again – so

you might as well stuff in as many as possible.

I did this for a year and put on two stones – binge, diet, binge again. It became ludicrous. So in the name of freedom and personal self-respect I threw out all my diet books and a six-inch thick wad of diet sheets culled from women's magazines. Out went the High Protein Diet, the Low Fat Diet, the Grapefruit Diet, the Brown Rice Diet, the Fruit Express Diet and a host of others which promised to turn me from a lump to a lightweight in a matter of weeks.

It was the most frightening

act of rebellion I have ever performed. Would I grow bigger and bigger and finally explode into thousands of fat globules? Would I become completely out of control?

My cupboards began to take on a different personality. Gone were the dry-as-a-bone slimmers biscuits (I fed them to the dog). I mixed up all the different coloured powders and potions and had a fine time spraying the weeds in the garden. In came chocolate biscuits, camembert and cheese-cake.

In case you think I spent the first week pigging myself, I







**'Just getting into positions like this knocks a few calories off.'**

must share my revelation. You don't have to go overboard when you know the food is there all the time. If you know you can eat what you want when you want, you can put your mind to other things, like reading good books, or even exercise.

It's only people permanently deprived of food, dieters being in that category, who think of food constantly. The person with other things on his mind finds himself forgetting to eat, even.

The amazing thing was, as soon as I started to eat what I wanted, I lost weight. Bingeing and dieting is like taking one step forward and two steps back. And your morale plunges lower and lower. But there is no need to binge if there is no crash diet threatening in the future.

Bingeing is an extremely self-destructive practice. Over-eating bears no relation to hunger. You don't sate your appetite with two, three or four chocolate bars or cakes. You probably don't even enjoy one of them. It's an action resulting out of panic and loss of control over eating patterns. Very often you end up eating until you cannot eat









any more and cannot even stand. The only answer is to lie down.

When you're feeling hungry or over-full you're hardly likely to indulge in vigorous exercise. Yet recent research suggests that exercise is one of the most beneficial contributors to loss of weight. Not only do you use up calories, but it seems your metabolic rate is speeded up so the calories are being used up some time after exertion.

Since I gave up dieting, I have regained my self-respect and give short shrift to anyone suggesting I should resist food. It's not only fat people who are teased about eating. Women have been so much associated with food that people think that all women are constantly on diets. Only last week at a party, when I was about to help myself to a baked potato, a total stranger said, 'You'll get fat, you know.' I ask you!

The feeling of release is indescribable. I'm normal again. I don't have to join a club so I can be humiliated with a lot of other fatties. It's far more exciting to spend the time and the money at the local swimming pool.

I know not everyone would agree with me. I have friends who joined slimming clubs and found them very helpful. They provided moral support and that little nudge to losing those extra pounds.

Indeed, many thousands of overweight people lose weight through following slimming club diets and other diets. All diets work if you follow them through. But for people like myself no diet works.

I also know that out of all the people that lose weight through strict control, a great percentage put it all back on 'again within the following year.

If diets, slimming clubs, slimming powders, etc., suit you, that's fine. But if, like me, you spend too much of your pocket money on that plastic 'piggy', don't feel a failure and don't give up.

If you've tried a dozen different diets and none seem to work, you should seriously question your attitudes towards them. You won't find the answer in the latest best-selling paperback. Sit back and take a long look. Would a spot of exercise go amiss? Perhaps you can't face a lifelong intake of lettuce and carrots? Perhaps it's not going to be necessary.







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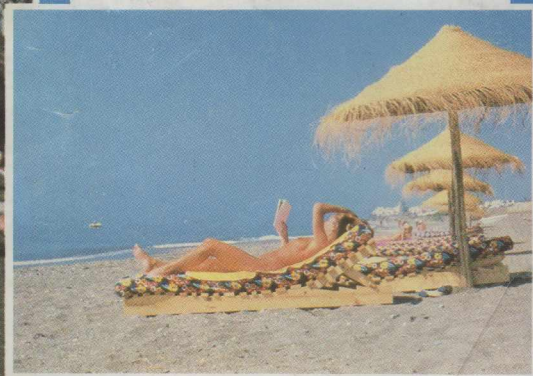
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